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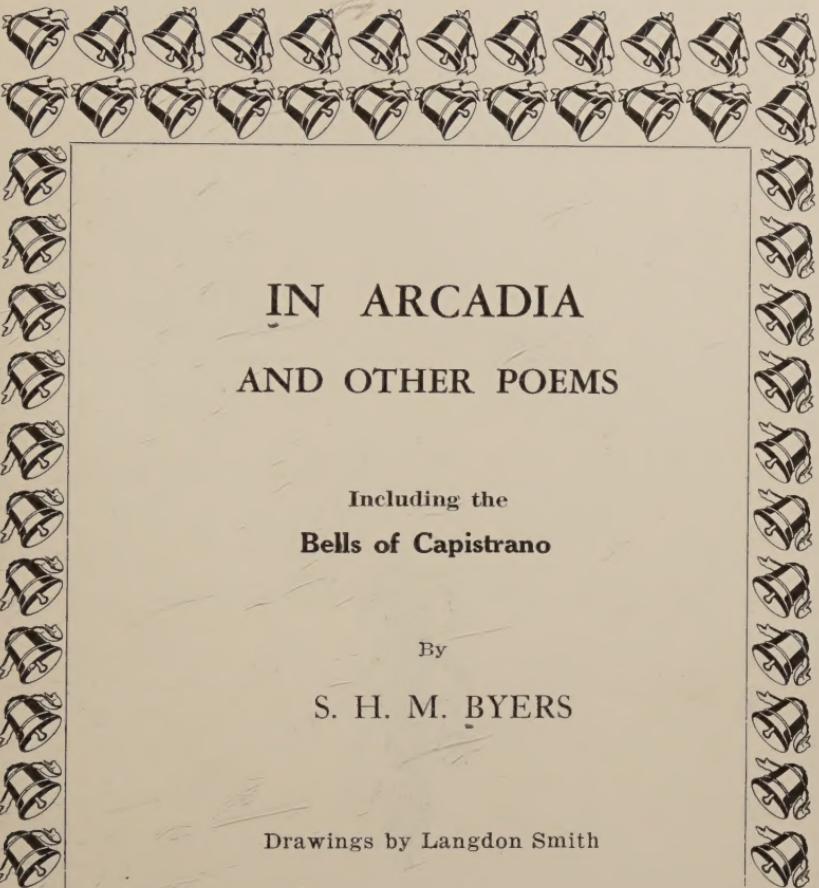
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WITHDRAWN

IN ARCADIA AND OTHER POEMS

"It seemed to us from the ship,
that this was some new Arcadia, so
joyous the people seemed, and care-
free."—(Spanish Diary.)



IN ARCADIA AND OTHER POEMS

Including the
Bells of Capistrano

By

S. H. M. BYERS

Drawings by Langdon Smith



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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

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SIXTH EDITION



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BOOKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR

The Honeymoon
With Fire and Sword
Collected Poems

A Layman's Life of Jesus
Twenty Years in Europe
The Pony Express

PREFACE

*Said a song-bird once to me,
“Listen to my roundelay;
Man nor maid shall hinder me—
I shall sing my song today.”*

*Said a song-bird once to me,
“I have sung my song today;
Hadst thou listened, it may be
I have said what thou wouldest say.”*

*I have only said and sung
Things that in thy heart have dwelt;
Though thy harp was never strung,
Thou hast felt what I have felt.*

*All are poets in their time—
God’s whole world is harmony;
Lo! in one majestic rhyme
Sweep the rivers to the sea.*

*All are poets when they feel
Nature’s rhythms rise and fall;
Nature’s heart-beats are the seal
Making poets of us all.*

*If, perchance, these songs of mine
Waken some responsive strain,
Silent though the countersign,
I shall not have sung in vain.*

Note: A few of these verses, such as the Bells of Capistrano, etc., have appeared in other books of mine, the greater number are in type for the first time.

—S. H. M. B.

Sunset Place, Los Angeles
December, 1929



In Arcadia---A Legend of San Luis Rey

Note:—San Luis Rey—Name of one of the loveliest and most prosperous missions of the Spanish days of California. It was named for Louis the 9th, the French Crusader. It is situated among the beautiful hills five miles back from Oceanside, 45 miles north of San Diego. It is one of the few missions that is now something more than ruins.

Life at San Luis Rey—as at all the missions in the days of the friars—was pious, self-sacrificing, and strenuous; devoted wholly to converting and training the Indians.

Away from the missions, everybody seems to have lived only for a good time—ease, idleness, enjoyment, excitement and amusement in a semi-barbaric way. That was life to them. In a sense it was half Arcadian, and will never be seen again.

Edwin Markham, the poet, in his California history asks: "Had there ever before been such an epoch as that since the light of the golden age faded from the hills and the valleys of the earth?"

There is a land—who has not heard of it?—

Where shines the sun all the sweet seasons through;

There is no winter there; the mountains sit

Forever gazing on the ocean's blue,

In silence gazing in their purple hue,

As if they'd hear the sea-tides come and go

Across the sands a thousand feet below.

Far in the West that lovely country is,

Where the Sierras stretch their tops along,

Where mocking-birds in ecstasy of bliss,

By night or day, in many a happy throng,

Delight the soul with melody and song—

The lark itself might stop its flight to hear

Its song re-echoed in a voice so dear.

The golden years pass swiftly in that clime,

As once they passed in days now far away,

And singers sing about that olden time

When like a dream the land in quiet lay,

And love and beauty had their happy day,

And no one thought of how things came or went,

In the old days, for all men were content.

As in Arcadia their lives were cast
In wondrous idleness they spent the day;
Or, if a sorrow for a moment passed,
Or any cloud upon their spirit lay,
With song or dance they cast it all away.
Small were their needs, so much was heaven-lent
In the old days when all men were content.

Of days like these the story I would tell,
Yon Spanish days, by the Pacific shore,
When on the land and on the people fell
A love for joyance, as in time of yore,
A love for joyance never known before;
Whatever came, they took what heaven sent
In the old days when all men were content.

* * * * *

Imagine then a hundred years have gone,
And Spanish Dons are rulers on the coast,
Whose vast domains for leagues stretch on and on
Where wander herds and flocks a mighty host;
Towns there were none, or very few at most.

But here and there a grand old mission stood
Whose very ruins yet should be our pride;
Half church, half castle, in their solitude,
They were as landmarks all the country wide,
Where friars told of Him the crucified.

An old-time highway stretched along the coast,
The Royal Road, they often call it yet;
A mountain pass it often was at most,
Where the lone seashore and the mountain met;
And there it was the mission homes were set.

A long day's journey lay from each to each
Of these God's houses in the solitude,

And travelers glad the kindly homes to reach,
Found rest and friends where'er a mission stood—
And no one paid for lodgment or for food.

Just their companionship, that was enough;
And many a time, as 't were some country inn,
With night all dark, and winds a little rough,
By a bright fire they shortly would begin
Some tales to tell of strange things they had seen.

Thus on a night at old San Luis Rey,
Back from the sea it stands, a league or so,
Some travelers weary with the burning day
Passed round the cup to make the hours go,
Though 'twas the time when cocks begin to crow.

When most had given their stories, or a song,
Had wakened hearts as by some magic spell,
One who was silent all the evening long,
Spoke up and said: "I have a tale to tell
That near this house once on a time befell."

Strange as it seems of that night's company,
And its strange tales, I but remember his;
And hard the task likely enough for me
To give it here, nor give one thing amiss,
For of all arts the hardest one is this.

A clapping hands, a filling up the bowl—
Each listener's eyes the strange narrator scan,
A little cough to emphasize the whole,
A sup or two, and then the tale began;
And memory says, that thus the story ran.

THE STORY

It happened once, yet not so long ago,
A Spanish noble lived within this land—
And rich he was with woolly flocks, and lo,
His acres stretched from mountains to the strand;
And herds he had, and serfs on every hand.

For half the Indians in the mountains then
Were tamed to servitude, and gladly thought
It some great honor just to serve such men;
So all the labor of his fields they wrought,
And watched the herds that mountain lions sought.

His house was such as rich hidalgos knew—
Built of adobe, round an open square,
With long arched corridors, that opened to
Low rooms as dark as prisons often were;
Its gates and walls had an old Moorish air.

Inside the square, a cooling fountain played
Where pigeons washed their plumage at the noon,
And lilies, white as wings of angels, made
Obeisance to the splashing water's tune
That rose and fell in the sweet winds of June.

"Not very grand his house," one might have said;
Yet grand enough there in the vale alone—
The low-built walls, the red-tiled roof had made
A kind of splendor all its very own;
And such as fit this half-way tropic zone.

In easy idleness their days were spent
Who lived in that fair valley by the sea;
As in a dream the seasons came and went.
Not much they knew of toil or industry,
Their herds brought wealth—if wealth there need
to be.

The dance, the race, the bull-fight's bloody rings
Made fierce enjoyment for them every one;
They loved a horse above all other things,
And fleeter ones were not beneath the sun—
And great was he who rode the swiftest one.

They were like birds that spring from bough to bough,
Scarce knowing where tomorrow's bread should be—
Asking of earth enough just for the now,
So they had dance, and joyous revelry,
And their bright skies and music's melody.

Nor use had they for very much of gold,
Though their attire was splendid every way;
The passing ships brought riches most untold,
Silks from Japan and jewels from Cathay,
And pearls they had from their own shining bay.

And so it was from many a rude abode
Stepped stately girls, dressed as for carnival—
Red-vested gallants to their sweethearts rode
In velvet gear, all golden laced, as well,
While gay serapas round their shoulders fell.

No coming ship from Spain, or anywhere,
But gladly traded for the rancher's stuff;
Shiploads of hides, and tallow, sold them there,
Were thrown by Indians down the deep sea bluff—
The slaughtered herds gave for such trade enough.

Nature, to them, a wondrous bounty gave;
She fed their flocks as from a boundless store;
No fruit or flower the heart might ever crave
But shed abundance on their lovely shore;
They had content, and no one asked for more.



LANGDON SMITH

They had the mountains and the shining sea,
And the lone desert, calling to them there,
Strange as is death in its great mystery;
These, and the skies they had, forever fair;
To gaze on them itself was most a prayer.

* * * *

In scenes like these Antonio passed his days,
From his own acres scarce he need to ride;
Mountains and lake, and valleys most were his—
Ten leagues in length, and half as many wide
Roamed his great herds from sea to mountain side.

Well; there he lived, this Spanish nobleman,
One son he had, a handsome cavalier—
At rout or dance he was the noticed one,
There was no one quite like him anywhere
At all the ranches, were they far or near.

It was Luigi, all so debonair
Towards every one of all fair womankind;
Yet no one face to him had been so fair
But half disdain was oftenest in his mind;
And one to love he had not cared to find.

Love's roses oft were scattered at his feet;
Too oft he'd seen them bud and bloom and fade,
Ever to think of love that was complete—
Such as sometimes a holy incense made
When it and life were on the altar laid.

Sometimes he wondered much if love could bring
Delights for which he never yet had yearned,
Or was it but some very painful thing,
Some fitful fire that but a moment burned
And then went out or into ashes turned!

Then woman's love; was it not but a whim
To be admired? that was her only cue—
And failing this she is quick done with him
Who fondly, blindly has a heart to woo,
And kneels before her as mad lovers do.

Though to all love he was indifferent,
Yet loved be *Beauty* for its sake alone;
For well he knew the gods to *Beauty* lent
A something greater than of king or throne,
A gift as great as was their very own.

Much had he read of lovers, and their pain;
Were not the books writ full of things so drear,
Of lovers scorned, who in the sea would fain
Forget the faces they had held so dear,
And every hope they ever yet had here?

Had he not heard the wisest sometimes say:
“In all your giving, be it less or more,
Give anything, but not your heart away,
Nor keep for love too much an open door—
Lest grief come in where joy had been before.”

Perhaps too much of the sweet world he'd had—
Too many smiles from women much to care
If anything could make him very glad,
Or even sorrowful, such men there are,
Made so by fate, or some unlucky star.

But once, while riding by the ocean side,
His thoughts on races that his horse had won,
A beauteous thing upon the sand he spied,
And caught it quickly as he galloped on;
They could do that, in the bright days agone.

It was a belt of silk and filigree,
And six white pearls shone on it side by side;
And close to these, two black pearls did he see;
Amazed he was, and saw them wonder-eyed:
"Some fair one's pearls," he thought, "some woman's
pride."

And she whose form such a fair thing had worn,
She must herself be beauteous to behold—
And long he looked at it, almost forlorn,
Thinking what loveliness it did enfold,
And could it speak, what romance had it told.

He held it long and all caressingly
Gazed on its pearls, so beautifully set;
Had he not read, in some book over sea:
"Who finds a pearl makes Cupid in his debt!"
And these *black pearls* were ten times rarer yet.

Once too he'd read: "Who finds a precious thing
And places it that very self-same night
Beneath his head, the moon all shimmering,
And the Great Bear shining full and bright—
Will see a face of very great delight."

So on that evening he could scarcely wait
Until the stars began their watch to keep,
Or yonder moon shone on his father's gate
Where soft the night-winds had begun to sweep,
Till deep he fell in a delicious sleep.

He had but slept a little hour or so,
When, in his dreams, a gentle noise he heard
Like rustling leaves when gentle breezes blow,
Or moving wings of some most lovely bird
Or silken skirts now coming hitherward.

That instant there a lovely vision stood
Close by his bed, bidding him rise and go
On a great quest, by town, or field, or wood,
And find that maid whose belt it was, for lo!
Her like in loveliness one could not know.

“Give her the belt as the most beauteous one
Of womankind, or here or anywhere—
For not beneath the moon, or any sun,
Wherever loved and beauteous women are,
Is one so radiant, so divinely fair.”

He took his dream as 'twere a great command
That he should go and seek her everywhere,
And know at last if in that happy land,
Where beauty languished in the amorous air,
There really *was* a face so wondrous fair.

So deep impressed with that thing of his dream
His life all suddenly a change took on,
Some moving hand mysteriously would seem
To beckon him that moment to be gone,
Nor scarcely wait the coming of the dawn.

If so indeed she the most lovely is
Of all the fair in this land east or west,
I would pursue it were it but for this—
For beauty's sake—nor weary in the quest
To see a face that's so divinely blest.

It was the May, the month of hearts' desire,
And sapphire skies were bending overhead,
The far-off fields with color seemed on fire,
The dear wild rose a wondrous odor shed,
And rosewood blooms the ground had carpeted.

Arrayed in costume of those days agone,
On such a morn Luigi mounted steed,
And the glad journey bravely started on—
Not caring much to where it yet might lead—
If at the last it only should succeed.

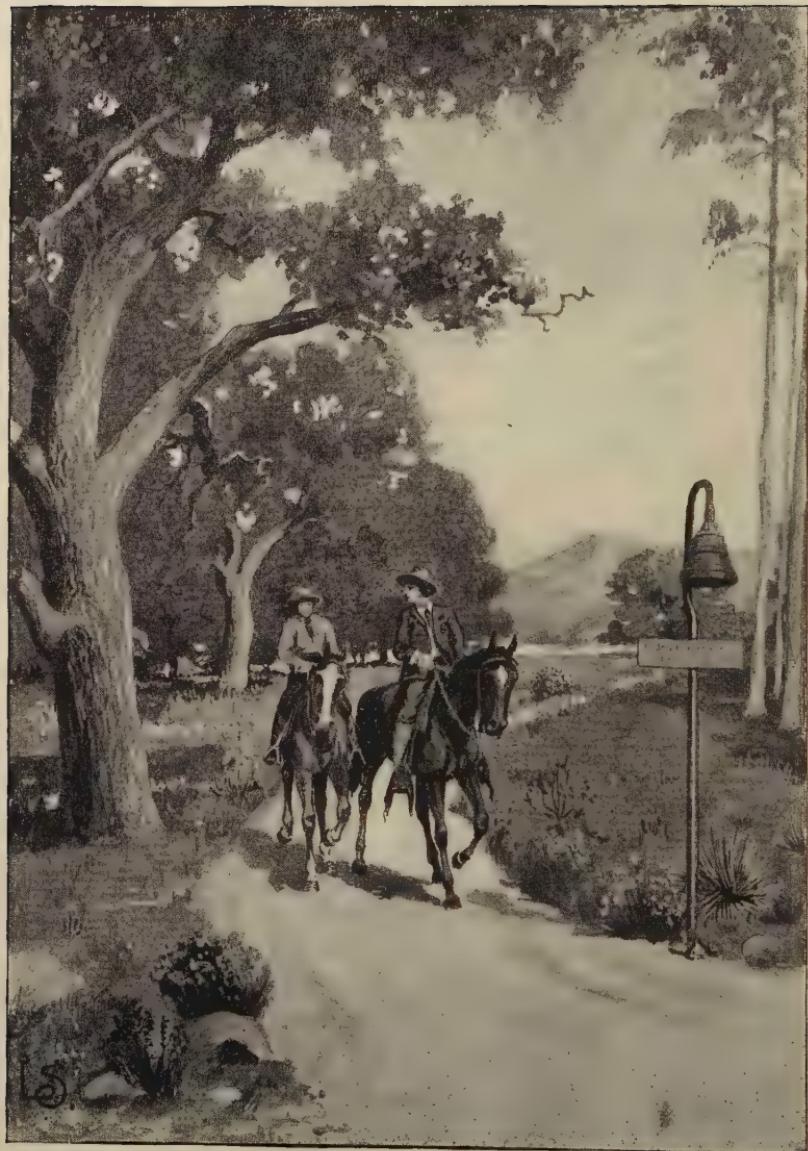
Strange things he saw now in his journeying
Of those old times and of the people's ways;
Still here with us oft remnants of them cling—
Telling strange things of yonder Spanish days,
Though age has dimmed them in a misty haze.

Each day he traveled on his wondrous quest,
The more he saw the land's simplicity—
A pastoral folk, with just sweet plenty blest—
In flocks and herds their riches seemed to be,
And lands that stretched from mountain to the sea.

Now other days he wandered near and far—
Oft to great ranches in some mountain place,
Where girls so often very beauteous are—
Forever hoping there to find a trace
Of what must be so heavenly a face.

Now oftentimes at some great house, whose door
Stood ever open for the stranger guest,
He stopped for days, it might be even more,
And was the custom, and the house's best
And all there was, was on the stranger pressed.

'Twas like an inn, made free to every one—
No door was locked by either night or day;
A ranchman's heart was very easy won,
No thought of recompense or any pay—
"Welcome, come in," were the first words he'd say.



“Take of our best; yours is the house tonight,
Tomorrow, too;” and when the guest arose,
Some silver pieces sure would lay in sight
To use if needed when the stranger goes;
Such hospitality the rancher shows.

His hundred horses fed upon the plain,
Who needed one but left his own, and so
Took one more fresh, and galloped on again,
Nor question asked if it were his or no—
Such things were customs in that long ago.

* * * *

Now other days have swiftly come and gone,
And other scenes Luigi visited—
Go where he would, he could not find that one
Who here and there like a sweet phantom led—
Whose dreamed of face he blindly worshiped.

Yet, oftentimes when riding on the way,
A shadowy presence seemed with him to ride;
'Twas love a-borning all the happy day,
Then all he saw by him was beautified—
Yet knew he not that love was at his side.

Sometimes a smile, a pretty woman's face
Would touch his heart a little, not for long—
She of his dreams would quickly take her place—
Then he would hum this pretty little song,
Made up that morning as he rode along:

*How sweet is love—how very dear love is.
Words were not made to tell of it at all;
Eyes only tell of love's enraptured bliss,
Eyes only answer to love's dearest call,
'Tis eyes alone that keepeth love in thrall.*

*How sweet love is, O very sweet love is,
 Though like the rose, it fadeth at the dawn—
 So be it, yet I dearly would have this,
 The first red rose upon the garden lawn,
 And love's first kiss, however quickly gone."*

And now and then it seemed a phantom chase—
 Hoping such beauty in this world to find;
 He had gone far, and not the simplest trace
 Of one so fair as this one in his mind
 For whom he now so many days had pined.

Most, now, it seemed, he should not further chase
 The strange illusion of a fleeting dream,
 Beyond the desert there could be no face,
 Fair though it were, and beautiful did seem,
 Like this he sought whose beauty was supreme.

“I will go back to my old home again,”
 He said at last, “and wander by the sea,
 There where the pearls on the bright sand had lain,
 Perhaps in sleep my dream comes back to me,
 And plainer then the vision now will be.”

* * * * *

Still, when the dawn comes slowly peeping in,
 Again he rides along the sandy shore,
 Hoping at last some little sight to win,
 Some word, some look, a glance, if nothing more,
 Ere hope itself forever close the door.

Now here and there a brown-robed traveler
 Walks by his side, and keeps him company—
 And gallant youths, as in those days there were—
 Sometimes o'ertook him by the shining sea—
 Nor any guessed what his great quest might be.

Once as the shades of evening gathered 'round,
They heard the bells of old San Luis Rey—
Rejoiced they hear the ever-welcoming sound;
They looked and saw the hills back from the bay,
And in their midst the white walled mission lay.

Not in the land was there a lovelier scene
Than yonder valley and its wand'ring stream,
The purpling hills, the mission in between,
The pastoral silence and the ocean's gleam;
To them it seemed a beauteous summer dream.

And now the great gate for them open swings,
And they are welcomed by the friars there;
A troop of neophytes in chorus sings;
They hear the brotherhood in song and prayer;
Again the Angelus sounds on the air.

The busy labors of the day are done,
'Twas like a bee-hive but an hour ago;
The looms, the forge, are resting, every one.
A thousand neophytes with voices low
Give praise for life and everything below.

Now night is on, and darkness has come in;
About the fireside travelers gather 'round,
And soon the tales and merriment begin;
Nor at some inn were happier people found;
Who has a tale—to tell it, will be bound.

Now is there none or any in that hall
Of travelers down the El Camino way,
Like to Luigi, young, and fair and tall,
A likelier youth there was not in his day,
Go where one might from mountains to the bay.

"Take thou this seat," the friar smiling said,
"At my right hand," for well the friar guessed
Something uncommon this one here had led—
He was so handsome, and so nobly dressed—
And then, withal, he seemed to like him best.

Round went the cup in joy and merriment,
And tales were told till half the night was gone,
And no one cared how many hours were spent,
Or if the daylight might be coming on,
And hills be streaked with glory of the dawn.

Right busy they who served the bread and wine,
The men and maids in plain and homespun dress,
And one there serves, it is a face divine—
Few seeing her had called her any less—
So fair she was in perfect loveliness.

Once passing near to young Luigi's seat,
Filling the cups with nectar of the land,
One little moment and their eyes did meet
When as by accident she touched his hand—
Then came a thrill that love could understand.

For there beside him in low-serving gown,
Stood one, the loveliest his eyes had seen:
In one black braid her lovely hair hung down,
So soft her eyes, so loving her mein—
Hebe herself had not more lovely been.

That instant and his dream flashed through his mind,
The fairies' words, how a fair face he'd see
If ever she who'd lost the belt he'd find;
But *here* was one as *fair*, perhaps, as she—
Lovelier than this, he knew there could not be.

And anyway, the face he had pursued
Had it not simply led him on and on,
As 'twere a phantom he had madly wooed,
And never once had any nearer won—
Till now all thought of seeing her was gone!

In that quick instant of their meeting there,
Luigi knew and this one knew as well—
A shaft was sped as from the viewless air—
If good or ill, the gods alone could tell;
Yet two lives changed in that sweet moment's spell.

There is a sign that telleth of deep love,
It's only speech, a look, a breath, a sigh,
No stars need drop from out the heavens above,
To tell if love is somewhere passing by—
Luigi knew, nor asked he how nor why.

A little while the dawn came passing on,
Streaking the hills with crimson and with gold,
“The Angelus” had rung an hour agone
And travelers left the kindly mission fold
With thrilling memories of the stories told.

Then in a while another morning came,
And these two walked together hand in hand,
Again the hills in crimson were aflame,
A gentle seabreeze swept the happy land,
And burning love by burning love was fanned.

Yet was there something half uncertain seen
In her dear eyes, an almost doubtful glow,
Half hidden thoughts, whatever they might mean,
She did not tell—Luigi did not know.
Hearts may have depths that stay unsounded so.

Then by a cliff that looked down on the sea,
He told the story of his quest for one—
A maid most beautiful of all, and she
With her sweet beauty, the glad prize had won
There at the msision now three nights agone.

With that he drew from out its hidden place
The shining belt, and pearls all radiant;
A sudden gladness swept across her face—
“Oh! it is mine, the gods my pearls have sent,
Lost on that night that to the dance I went.”

Then half in woe her own sad tale she told
Of a ship wrecked upon this very shore—
How, as a child, a year or two years old,
Brave men had saved her from the ocean’s roar
And left her dying at yon mission door.

From old Cadiz she and her mother sailed
On a fair ship bound for this sunny land;
Once on the way they were by pirates hailed,
And once were wrecked with never help at hand,
And almost lost upon this very strand.

“Left so a waif, my mother lost and gone,
None knew my birth, my name, nor anything—
Laurita, so they called me, so I’m known,
They say I’m twenty just this very spring—
So swift a pace the years go traveling.

That sad strange morning that they took me there
The friars found a necklace that I wore;
A mother’s gift, no doubt, for me to wear,
Whatever thing might hap on sea or shore—
A gift of pearls a princess might adore.

Well, when to womanhood I was most grown,
I took the pearls and made the belt you hold,
In precious filigree it all was sown,
In wire of silver or with threads of gold,
And patterned bravely from fair things of old.

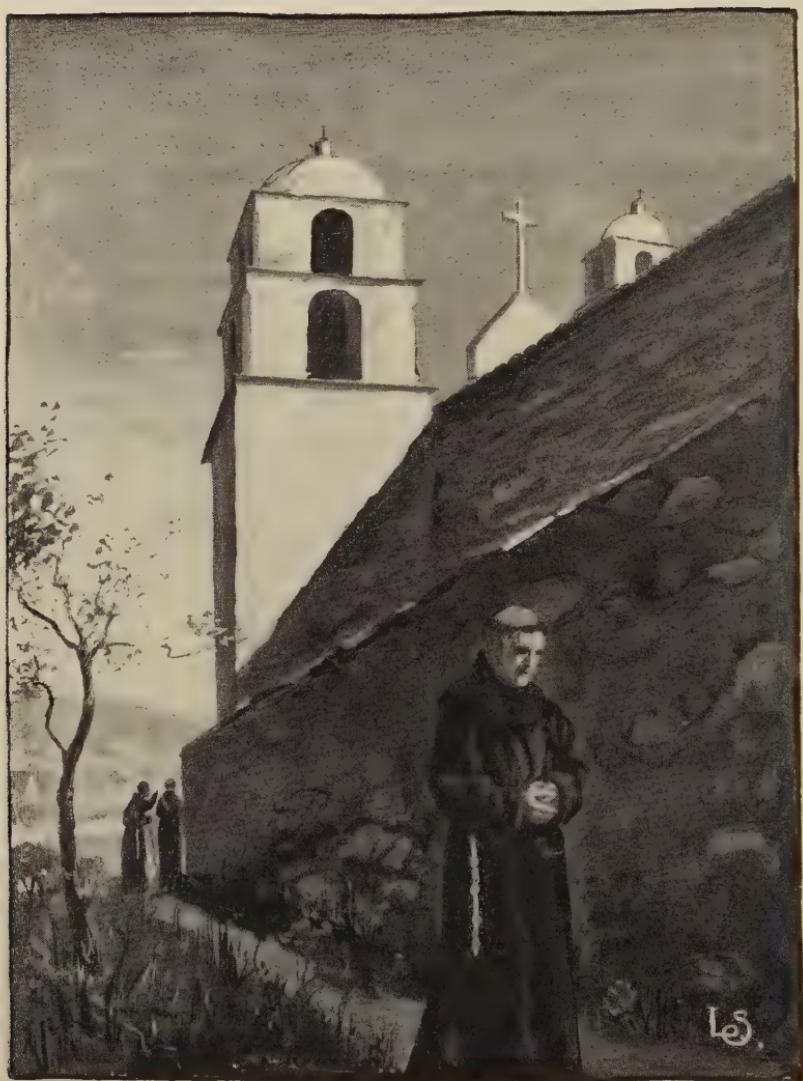
And so one night to a great dance I went,
And wore my belt, 'twas such a dear delight—
And many eyes on it, or me, were bent,
In truth, I think it was a pretty sight—
But going home, I lost it in the night."

Now they walked on, and looked down at the sea,
And much she told him of the days agone,
And how she grew a pretty girl to be,
In the old mission standing there so lone,
And all the strangeness that her life had known.

"I had a *voice*, and was made chorister,
To sing in yonder dear San Luis Rey,
With other girls who at the mission were:
And I was best, I heard the friars say,
And mine the prize on many a festal day."

She told him how when travelers came along,
And all good things the friars made them share
The mission's cheer—the wine, the tale, the song;
It was her task to help to serve them there
In the plain garb that he had seen her wear.

And now to him she seemed more beautiful
The more she told of other days than this,
And yet too oft a little cloudlet stole
Across a brow he had not dared to kiss—
Across a face that looking at was bliss.



That she loved much her eyes cared not to hide—
 On red'ning cheeks one read the story well!
 Yet, like a phantom trav'ling at her side,
 There seemed a secret that she feared to tell—
 Some threat'ning cloud that on her spirits fell.

* * * *

Now many days, and months, almost, were by,
 “Would she not speak?” Luigi longing cried,
 “What stood between them? were it mountain high,
 There is no height that love can quite divide,
 No land, no sea, but love has oft defied.”

“Should she not break the built-up bars of earth,
 Tear down whatever things might stand between
 Her love and his; was not love greater worth
 Than any jewel that God’s world had seen,
 Than anything that ever yet had been?”

Nor yes nor nay had she once clearly said,—
 “Would she not speak and end the bitter woe,
 Again the roses had grown white and red,
 Again the poppies had begun to blow,
 Would she not answer, whether yes or no?”

Thus he who once had only *scorned* at love,
 Now shook in passion’s wild and burning way,
 Called on the gods in the sweet heavens above
 To give him that for which his soul did pray
 Or leave him lifeless ere another day.

Then on a day when bees were murmuring,
 And yellow poppies like a sea of gold
 The dear glad earth seemed almost covering
 They stood again by the blue sea that rolled,
 Listening as ever to the tale he told.

She listened also, pleading more delay;
“A little while, perhaps tomorrow’s dawn
Would give her heart for that which she might say;”
To him it seemed as if all hope were gone,
Some sad’ning fate to him were coming on.

That night the moon shone glad and gloriously
On palm and rose and many an olive grove,
And to the chamber where Luigi lay,
With open windows and the stars above,
Sleep’ess and dying with the pangs of love.

Scarce had the moon in the horizon set,
Scarce had the stars slipped downward toward the day,
Before through fields that still were dewy wet,
Luigi hastened on the well known way,
To where his heart forever bounden lay.

Close by the sea there was their trysting place,
Not distant far was dear San Luis Rey,
Should they meet now, the last time, face to face,
Or would it be the birthtime of a day
When bells should ring for happiness alway?

Already now he heard her footsteps near,
And hands were clasped as yesterday they were,
Yet seeing her he almost seemed to fear,
And scarcely knew if his own heart did stir,
So pale she was when he but looked at her.

At last she spoke: “Luigi, all is gone—
My great sad fear like a black storm did fall,
Last night when vespers had but just begun
I prayed the friar he should tell me all—
My life, my birth, whatever might befall.

Well, of that ship, and many things he spoke;
As to my *mother*; *doubt* there could not be—
How like a waif from the wild waves that broke
On yonder strand some brave men rescued me,
An *Indian's* child," he said, "saved from the sea."

Oft at the mission gossipings I'd heard
Among the girls who on such gossip fed—
"She's no Castillian"—much my soul was stirred,
Knowing that thus I should not ever wed;
And now, at last, I know the truth," she said.

An olive tint that moment seemed to trace
The Indian's blood across her cheek and brow—
Had death itself looked in Luigi's face
He had not had a face so calm as now;
To worse than death the heart must often bow.

"Let it be so,"—he answered, holding fast
The hand that trembled as he spoke the word,
"Whatever blood, or race, or speech, thou hast,
Thou art still mine—the words are yet unheard
To measure love or hearts so deeply stirred."

She spoke again: "Oh, it must be farewell,
This very day the friar bade prepare;
A passing ship whose name I cannot tell,
Goes to the South. I must go with it there,
Nor see thee more nor here, nor anywhere.

"Dear art thou, yes, Oh, doubly dear, and yet,
All I could give thou woulds't not hold it fast,
Better to live not knowing love's great debt,
Just dreaming things that once were dear and past,
Than live regretting the great thing at last.

“That which I am thou wouldest not want alway,
 Disdain of friends would be too much for thee;
 Too strong my love that ever I should say
 Thy days should go in weariness for me—
 Better to live not knowing love’s great debt.”

“Some have done things to save another’s life,
 I will do *more*, refusing thee, nor wed—
 The scorn thou’st have, were I to be thy wife—
 The hard disgrace, were curses on thy head;
 Go and forget, ere thou art worse than dead.”

“Not so, dear one, on some lone island far,
 If need be, just we two would live alone—
 Where slandering tongues of gossips never are,
 And only love on the sweet winds is blown,
 And words of love the only language known.”

“Luigi, think—there is not in the world
 A spot so far where scandal could not go—
 Embittered words would still at thee be hurled,
 And thou be friendless still; lost dear one, no;
 What fate has willed, let us but leave it so.”

Even as she spoke, on the high hills was seen
 A warning flag, that answered back to one
 There on the mission in the valley green—
 A ship was sighted through the glistening sun,
 And quick the news to every hillside run.

She looked and saw the nearing whitening sails,
 “No pirate, that, it is the ship that nears
 For my sad fate—and now the signal hails,
 And to the land the sailors’ long boat steers,
 And all is lost—save time and grief and tears.”

That moment, too, from yon Presidio,
 Soldiers have come to hasten her away;
At whose command they little care to know,
 No farewell words, her duty to obey,
Each looked at each as in cold death's dismay.

Speechless the two a dreadful moment stood,
 Each thinking how below that mighty wall,
In the deep sea, so easily they could
 Find death and peace: they heard the sea waves call
In pitying moans—“*the sea can end it all.*”

* * * * *

That night alone in her poor lonesome room,
 Gathering the little that was hers to take,
Sleepless in woe she waited there her doom—
 Waited the morn that should in sadness break;
The morn that once was gladness for her sake.

But on that day around the mission went
 A story, strange as any ever known—
“That ship,” they said, “to a near isle was sent
 And found a woman stranded there alone,
In a sea-wreck she had been thither blown.

“Eighteen long years no human face she'd seen;
 Her sole companions, birds and the wild things
That came to think her as some forest queen;
 They brought her food, just as the mother brings
To its young wildlings while it coos and sings.

She learned their voices, spoke with every one
 As if they had been people of her own—
Companionship until they each had grown
 To her like children that she long had known;
So passed the seasons with her there alone.

It was but yesterday the ship came here
That rescued her, and brought her to our shore;
And scarce her feet on the sweet land was near
Till one she saw who on her slim waist wore
The two black pearls that had been hers before,

Leaping on land she caught in wild embrace
The form of one whose name she did not know—
But one near look at her sweet eyes and face—
And hearing tones that were so dear and low,
She knew her child of that strange long ago.

And stranger yet and almost marvelous,
The child she lost in that great wreck of old,
Was our Laurita, living here with us;"
So said the gossips, as new tales they told,
Of that lost belt of filigree and gold.

For so it happened when her feet were set
Close to the ship, where she should sail in scorn,
Right at its side mysteriously, she met
Her who could say she was *Castillian* born,
And *not* an *Indian*, of a race forlorn.

A little time and birds are caroling
On El Camino downwards to the bay,
And cavaliers touch their guitars and sing,
And flowers are strewn along the happy way,
For see, it is Luigi's wedding day.

And at the mission of San Luis Rey
There was rejoicing, and the bells were rung,
And all went happy, and the legends say,
For many years, in the *Castillian* tongue,
One heard the story of Luigi sung.

And true it is, the happy couple went
In loving journeyings up and down the land,
And every sight some newer joyance lent,
Nor was forgot, as they went hand in hand,
The day he found the bright belt on the sand.



THE ORGAN GRINDER

I saw him playing down the street,
His organ somewhat old and yellow,
A monkey danced about his feet,
A little red-capped funny fellow.

A dozen children up and down
From step and doorway hurried to him
And joyed to see the little clown
Take off his cap for what they threw him.

I, too, a "grown-up" as they say,
Was listening there as glad as any—
When all at once I heard him play
Sweet "Annie Rooney" for my penny.

Oh, music masters of the town
You smile, I know what you are saying,
But listen, nowhere up or down,
Was I so touched as by his playing.

A little while and he was gone
To give some other children pleasure,
I wondered where he playing on
Yon little songs delightful measure.

That night he slept on board or straw,
Nor fame nor gold came ever nigh him;
What matter, if in dreams he saw
The little ones made happy by him?

LOCARNO

Locarno by the little lake,
Land of the sunshine and the snow;
Once more a singer for thy sake
Would touch the strings of long ago.

Not long ago, for yesterday
Not much we knew of thee or thine,
Save that enchantment 'round thee lay
On all thy hills of oil and wine.

Save that thy waters then were blue,
And bluer still thy summer skies—
And that a kindly nature knew
To make of thee a paradise.

Thou wast so quiet then and lone,
Thou scarce didst hear yon awful quake—
The crash of war and fall of throne
That buried nations in their wake.

Tired out at last with blood and crime
Whole nations sought thy beauteous shore,
And in one moment all sublime
Declared that war should be no more.

Oh, little town amidst the vines—
A wreath of glory's on thy brow
And thou shalt dwell in pleasant lines.
For thou belongst to history now.

A BALLAD OF THE TREES

Once on a time, 'twas long ago,
Where the blue Danube River flows,
The land was blessed, as it is now,
With every fruit and flower that grows.

The shores were lined with forest's green,
Green forests dotted all the plain,
But no one knew, or none had seen,
'Twas these that brought the blessed rain.

A hundred years they tilled the soil,
And plenty smiled on every hand,
For nature paid them for their toil,
And all men loved the happy land.

Till on a time ambition grew—
They would be rich, like folks in town—
Their trees would sell for gold, they knew,
And so they cut their forests down.

Their sylvan groves that once had been
The altars of a vanished race,
No more on yonder shores were seen,
Just sand and desert took their place.

"What's this? alas!" the good king said;
"Has nature then forgot her plan?
My land is waste, my fields are dead,
There is no food for beast or man.

"It must be so, some wrong is done;
I see it now; it all is plain,
We should have left them, every one,
It was the trees that brought the rain."

That very day an edict went,
To all who lived within the land,
"Plant trees," it said, "nor be content
Till all have trees instead of sand."

'Twas done, and soon green forests stood
Where once was only sandy plain,
And all agreed it was the wood
That brought them back the blessed rain.

"God's happiness," exclaimed the king,
"Now all is fair this land of mine,
To every peasant's home 'twill bring
Some happy share of oil and wine."

All praised the king, whose simple word
There where the Danube River flows,
The very desert list'ning heard,
And turned to blossom like the rose.

And sure it is as holy writ,
Who plants one little tree, or so,
Some day will be as glad of it
As was that king of long ago.

A BIT OF LAND FOR ME

I couldn't live the town life, wherever it may be—
There's lots of folks that like it, but a bit of land for me.
I'd rather have the green hills, the meadows and the sky
Than all the town-made pageants that ever glad the eye.

Among the new-made furrows, I go with lightsome tread,
I reap the old-time harvest that gives the world its bread.
What care I for the bright lights along the stony street,
The hard, the noisy pavements that crucify the feet?

I walk on grassy meadows when work and day is done,
At night I have the moonlight, at noon I have the sun.
Of course I have no mansion, nor anything so grand,
But only just contentment, and a little bit of land.

Give me but room to breathe in, the room for work or play,
To watch the wild things growing and hear the things they
say—

That is enough, no town life, wherever it may be—
There's lots of folks that like it, but a bit of land for me.

A SINGLE STRAIN

Dear girl, I know it is the thing,
To sing your praises every day;
But, listen, birds that oftenest sing
Are not the birds of sweetest lay.

The nightingale but here and there
Will let you hear its sweetest song;
There is no music anywhere
That can enchant if heard too long.

One song the mocking bird will sing,
Then hastens to some other tree,
As if it feared your heart to wring,
Hearing too long its ecstasy.

Could I but sing a single strain
To touch your heart on land or sea,
Though I should never sing again
That song were still enough for me.

AT NINETY

And so I am Ninety—Good Gracious!
Why really I'd not tho't of that—
So jolly the game I've been playing;
And listen—I'm still at the bat.

A wonderful game it all is too—
A riddle for woman or man—
You're tossing the ball or you catch it
You're playing the game as you can.

And whether you win or you lose it,
And whether you pipe or you dance—
But half of the game is your planning,
And half of it's only a chance.

You ask, Is it worth all the candle,
The pleasure, the joy and the pain?
Why, yes, I would live it all over,
The sunshine, the cloud, and the rain.

For tho' it was not of my choosing,
This life and I've weathered the gale;
Though often a stout wind was blowing
We've managed to keep up the sail.

The gods gave me all that I wanted,
Good friends and the great out-of-doors,
The mountains to me seemed enchanted,
The sea and its beautiful shores.

And if a rose grew in my garden
And by it a thistle would start,
That moment I plucked it and burned it;
The rosebud I kept in my heart.

Contentment I had, 't was a jewel
I'm sure that no riches could buy—
I scarcely can tell how I got it,
It must have dropped down from the sky.

For youth and the pleasures long vanished,
Why need I lament or repine?
The blue sky is here, just as ever,
The stars in the heaven are mine.

And so when the Captain is calling
The end of the game I am at,
I'll stand and salute, and He'll see me
Still playing down here at the bat.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

There's joy all over the world tonight,
In song and the Christmas glee,
But never a joy like the dear delight
Of the Christmas Bells to me.

There is gladness, yes, in the happy lay
Of a bird in the greenwood tree,
And the nightingale, be it night or day—
But the Christmas Bells for me.

There's not in the pipe of the great god Pan,
Nor a flute on a moonlit sea,
Nor ever a song from the lips of man
Like the Christmas Bells to me.

The night is crisp and the stars are cold,
But I stand in the street below,
And I hear the tale that is never old,
Of a thousand years ago.

Of Shepherds keeping their flocks by night
On the plains of Bethlehem—
And the choristers in their robes of white—
'Till I'm almost seeing them.

And this is why when the sweet bells ring
There's a rapturous delight;
And I think I am hearing the angels sing,
As they did on that Christmas night.

IS IT NOT SO?

I'm sure, almost, I heard you say
"Your heart is light beyond belief;
You write a verse, you sing a lay—
I think you never had a grief."

O, yes, my dear, I've seen it all,
'Tis not enough to call it sad.
I've seen my friends around me fall,
I lost the dearest that I had.

And yet 'tis better that I smile,
I cannot sure bring back the past;
God lent it for a little while,
It was too great a thing to last.

'Tis better that I laugh and sing
And be as happy as the rest.
One need not know about the sting
The arrow hidden in my breast.

And so it is I laugh and smile.
They'd have it so who went away,
'Tis at the best a little while,
Let's have it merry while we may.

“THE GAME OF CHESS”

Well, Margaret, you've won the game,
And handsome, too, I must allow,
For yesterday you did the same,
So we are fifty-fifty now.

That was a pretty battle line,
Our men all standing vis a vis,
You moved a pawn as I did mine,
Just where the struggle was to be.

Around the board—at right or left,
I chased your Knights and Bishops, too,
It little helped—you were so deft
You had my Queen before I knew.

A Castle stood on my right hand,
Help, quick, I heard the Warden call,
My Bishop flew to give a hand,
It was too late, I saw it fall.

My King now too was “bottled up,”
How could I thus anticipate,
But worse, the last drop in the cup,
I looked, and lo, it was a mate.

But listen, Margaret, this is sure,
Of many pleasures, old or new,
There is not one that could allure
Like playing chess, my dear, with you.

Let come the future as it may,
This on my memory still will press,
How quickly flew the time away,
When you and I were playing chess.

THE LITTLE FOLKS

So you're smiling at the children
On the green where they are playing,
All as happy as the birdies
Or the Queen upon her throne,
And you'd know the reason maybe
Why they're glad as in the maying—
It's a secret—but the children
Have a kingdom of their own.

It is bound about with roses
And with buttercups and daisies,
And the castles they are building are so real,
The wooden blocks are marble,
And the sawdust-dolls are ladies,
And in spite of broken noses
They can walk about and feel.

Little care they for the market,
Or the speculative chances—
What your bonds and stocks
Are selling at today—
More to them the gentle music
Of the little brook that dances
Or the violets in the meadow
And the smell of new mown hay.

More to them the romp and running
And the pretty games they're playing
Than all the undertakings
Of the grown-ups here below.
There never yet was gold enough
Or anything outweighing
The rapture of just living
That the happy children know.

We have dreams of far off places,
Where the clouds have silver lining,
We have pictures all so lovely to recall.
There are happy lands we read of
Where the sun is always shining,
But the little children's kingdom
Is the loveliest of all.

AT CAMP ON THE RAPIDAN

Last night beside the Rapidan
The burning camp-fire rose and fell—
And where the raging river ran—
In field and wood there seemed a spell.

The crescent moon above the pines
Looked down upon the scene as when
In these same woods in serried lines—
No thing was seen but armed men.

Wars' havoc swept throughout the land
Amidst the groaning of the brave—
Uncoffined dead on every hand—
On every hill a soldier's grave.

How changed the scene; by yonder fire
Two men are sitting side by side—
One thought alone—one heart desire,
One prayer that peace may yet abide.

Each was a spokesman for his land—
And greater lands were not on earth—
That night each speaker showed his hand,
And world resolve was given birth.

“A world resolve,” 'twas England spoke—
Spoke too—our own loved nation's head—
That night the spell of war was broke,
Before the camp-fire coals were dead.

And everywhere the news was spread,
And round the world the tidings ran,
And all men hoped that war was dead
From that night—on the Rapidan.

HE AND SHE

She sits beside the busy loom
Or feeds her pretty pigeons crumbs—
She does not know it is her doom
To wait for one who never comes.

He rides along the rosy lane,
His heart with happiness astir—
He, too, is doomed to lovers' pain—
He has not found the road to her.

Oh, Fate, why hast thou made it so
These two unknowing never met?
Thou wast Love's riddle long ago
And look, thou art its riddle yet.

It is a tale old as the sea
Of two who might have loved and wed,
Had chance that weaves our destiny
Not left them strangers here instead.

LOS ANGELES, THE BEAUTIFUL

Last night I heard the mocking-birds,
They sang the whole night through;
And beautiful Los Angeles
They sang alone of you.
They sang of palms and olive trees,
Beneath a summer moon,
'Till all the roses seemed to sigh
That day should come so soon.

Los Angeles, the Beautiful,
Behold her smiling there,
A bride that's just from fairyland,
With roses in her hair.
Above are skies of summer land,
As blue as blue can be,
And yonder are the mountain tops,
And yonder is the sea.

'Tis said whom fairies love the most
To them a home they give
Somewhere in fair Los Angeles
Where they would like to live.
And so they come from everywhere
Into the Golden West,
To find the city of their dreams,
Los Angeles, the blest.

YES, OR NO

I do not know but may be he was right,
That Omar Khayam of the long ago
Who bade his friends drink every joy in sight
Nor wait a future that they did not know.

'Twere strange indeed, a master hand should build
Some wondrous Eden with a wall about,
With all delights, and every pleasure filled,
And on its gates inscribe the words: "Keep Out."

Today the rose is red upon the tree,
Shall I not have it while it is so fair?
Or wait, tomorrow it may redder be;
Who knows? tomorrow it may not be there.

One thing we know—the sun is shining now,
And pleasure waits—and joy, and love and dance.
Shall I not taste? I cannot wait somehow—
I am not certain of another chance.

Perhaps the pagan went too far afield
In singing only of the life he knew,
Ah, to be sure; the future is concealed,
There was a veil he never could see through.

Yet after all, were it not good to drink
The cup that's offered for a little spell,
Taste measured joys, and if as sure I think,
A better's offered, why, drink that as well.

One thing is sure, life's but a little thing,
A candle burning, oh so very low,
And that red rose will soon be withering,
Shall I not pluck it—tell me—yes or no?



W. A. DODGE

THE MOWING

The clock has struck six,
And the morning is fair,
While the east in red splendor is glowing;
There is dew on the grass, and a song in the air,
Let us up and be off to the mowing.

Wouldst know why I wait,
Ere the sunlight has crept
O'er the fields where the daisies are growing?
Why all night I've kept my own vigils, nor slept?
'Tis today is the day of the mowing.

This day and this hour
Maud promised to tell
What the blush on her cheek was half showing—
If she wait at the lane, I'm to know all is well,
And there'll be a good time at the mowing.

Maud's mother has said,
And I'll never deny,
That a girl's heart there can be no knowing,
Oh! I care not to live, and I rather would die,
If Maud does not come to the mowing.

What is it I see?
'Tis a sheen of brown hair,
In the lane where the poppies are blowing.
Thank God! it is Maud—she is waiting me there,
And there'll be a good time at the mowing.

Six years have passed by,
And I freely declare
That I scarcely have noticed their going;
Sweet Maud is my wife, with her sheen of brown hair—
And we had a good time at the mowing.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER

When the Christmastide comes on again,
And the room is a blaze of light,
And the Christmas wreaths on the windows say,
"There's joy in the house tonight"—
When the stockings hang by the chimney side,
And the candles are on the tree,
And you turn to lighting them, one by one,
Won't you light just one for me?

When the carpet's rolled from the parlor floor,
And the polka and waltz begin,
And there's nothing but joy outside the door,
And nothing but joy within—
Won't it seem just then that you hear me say,
Though like to a dream it be—
Betwixt the dance and the players play,
"Won't you dance just once with me?"

When the moment comes that is best of all,
And your heart with rapture swells,
And the Christmas presents are handed round
By the man with the sleigh and bells—
And the happy voices of children come
To your heart with a new delight,
And the whole world seems just a happy dream,
On the blessed Christmas night—

And all at once in your mind there's one
Who was not at the Christmas tree,
And you puzzle your mind for an hour to think
Of a gift you shall send to me—
Well, here is the gift that is best of all,
On earth, or in heaven above—
There is no gift that is like to this—
The gift of your simple love.

MOONLIGHT ON THE DESERT

Tonight the moon lights all the desert sand;
There is no sleep—just waking dreams for me;
And far I see the dim cold mountains stand
Robed sentries, watching by this desert sea.

Yet nearer now, close on the desert's rim,
Red walls of rock stretch onward with the plain;
There in the moonlight, and the shadows dim,
Weird forms are theirs, of castle, tower and fane.

Last night I saw them by the setting sun—
Celestial most they seemed, close to the sky;
The twilight came, and walls and towers were gone,
Mist and the moonlight veiled them suddenly.

Above the rumbling of the flying train
The lonesome coyote's voice I seem to hear;
There is not on the land nor any main
A cry so desolate, a sound so drear.

The clustering sage-brush in the moonlight seem
Gray-coated friars bidding us to stand
And share with them the desert's lure and dream,
Or walk with them upon the desert sand.

Three things I love beyond all things on earth:
The purple mountains, and the grey old sea,
And the lone desert; since creation's birth,
Somehow, they speak of God's infinity.

So, in the stillness of the desert night,
With yonder moon upon the desert sea,
I watch the stars slide downward out of sight,
And though alone, I have great company.

Yet wert thou with me in these silences,
Where night and desert seem as things divine,
'Twere like a dream of some sweet blessedness,
And doubled joys this summer night were mine.

A SONNET OF LOVE

Who am I? Master of the human soul,
Whom never any mortal yet defied,
Youth nor old age, bridegroom nor bride.
Born of the gods, all beauty is my dole;
Lips smile, eyes meet; that instant I control
Soul, heart and being. There, beside
Him I have conquered, I abide;—
His hell or paradise, I am the whole.
He doth not will it whom my arrow stings
To sudden joy, or still more sudden pain;
Spite of himself, Love's sweet or bitter things
Evade he cannot—and, one smile to gain,
Beyond the grave he'd follow on swift wings,
For I am that which death hath never slain.

THE REVEILLE

For the one last reveille
They are waiting as they fell—
Arm to arm, and knee to knee;
They are sleeping—it is well—
Till the one last reveille.

They are sleeping—let them rest—
In the sod they died to save;
Fame shall write above their breast,
“They are mine, though in the grave,”
And their spirits shall have rest.

Feet of loved ones shall come near
When the May is in her bloom,
And with garlands every year
Deck their unforgotten tomb,
For, though dead, they are so dear.
When, with fife and muffled drum,
And with steady step, and slow,
They shall hear their comrades come,
They will hear the step and know—
They will hear them when they come.

They will smell the fragrance sweet
Of the blossoms that you bring;
They will hear the treading feet;
They will hear the songs you sing;
They will hear the drummers beat.

They will hear the jubilee,
And the bells that ring release—
They will fold their arms and be
All at rest in hope and peace,
While they wait the reveille.

WHERE ARE THE KINGS OF YESTERDAY?

Where are the kings of yesterday?
Is it a dream they're passing on?
I heard a voice that seemed to say,
They'll soon be gone—they'll soon be gone.

The crimson robes they used to wear,
The crowns, the jewels—where are they?
Gone like to bubbles in the air—
Where are the kings of yesterday?

Imagination is as naught
Compared with things of sterner clay;
Cold truth, a wilder tale has brought,
Where are the kings of yesterday?

In exile some, in stranger lands,
Like ghosts they walk their weary way,
In far-off isles, on Holland sands,
Behold the kings of yesterday.

The world has wakened from its dream,
There's something more than to obey,
And things are greater than they seem—
Where are the kings of yesterday?

On pitying roads they walk alone,
For them the skies are dark and gray,
Misfortune seems their very own,
Where are the kings of yesterday?

MAID AND BUTTERFLY

(From the German)

A maiden idly wandered
Through wood and cool retreat,
And as she stopped to gather
A nosegay from the heather,
A butterfly passed by her,
And kissed her lips so sweet.

“O! pardon,” said the rover,
“O! pardon, maiden fair,
I sought amid the flowers
The honey that is ours,
And took your red lips blooming
For roses growing there.”
“For this time,” said the maiden,
“Forgiveness—it is by;
But I must beg to mention,
And press to your attention,
These roses are not blooming
For *every* butterfly.”



LARRY AND I

Larry and I are the first ones awake,
'Ere a chirp of the robin is heard on the lawn;
For myself, I am up for the very dear sake
Of seeing the glory that comes with the dawn.

Larry, he carries the papers around,
In the gray of the morning, to rich and to poor;
But little they dream in their slumbers profound
The weight of the message he leaves at their door.

He and I only, abroad on the streets
When the lingering moon is just hiding from view,
And the little brown owl in the hollow repeats—
"The morning was made just for Larry and you."

Sudden there's streaking of rose in the sky—
There is gold on the windows of hovel and hall;
The steeds of the Sun-god are hurrying by,
And Larry and I are alone with it all.

Sudden there's wakening in meadows and grove,
Throstles and thrushes in musical glee;
The world has its songs and its singers to love,
But the song of the throstle's for Larry and me.

Waken, O, waken! The light's on the hills,
Would'st taste of the cup of celestial wine—
The breath of the morning, would'st know how it thrills?
Come, drink of this cup, then, of Larry's and mine!

ALFRED TENNYSON

On his fair island of the sea
He tuned his lyre, and by the shore,
There rose such bursts of harmony
As England never heard before.

Men had not known our English tongue
Could sweep so soft through song and tale,
In notes such as an Orpheus sung,
With voice like England's nightingale.

Beside the sounding sea he walked,
It swelled to music when he came—
The glist'ning waves together talked,
The very sand-hills knew his name.

Poet of beauty. Maidens knew
How sweetly deep his words could thrill,
Though tenderer than a rose they grew,
His verse but made them tenderer still.

He touched sweet ghosts of long ago,
Through far-off vistas, joys and tears;
He kissed their hands, he loved them so,
They smiled across a thousand years.

King Arthur, Launcelot, Elaine,
He brought them back, he gave them breath;
And Guinevere, and all her train—
For them there is no longer death.

Wrapt in the glory of his song,
His leaves of laurel on their brow,
On Fame's glad wings they sweep along,
They are the whole world's children now.

Himself a ghost, not dead, for lo!
He walks with Shakespeare, side by side!
Like some bright star that still may glow,
When night into the day has died.

The sweet enchantment of his verse,
Like burning Sappho's wondrous rhyme,
Like songs that birds at dawn rehearse,
He gave us till the end of time.



WHICH ONE OF THEM ALL IS WORST

Three strange men walked on the street one day
And all with the same intent—
Though going each in a different way,
Each knew what the other meant.

The first was the fool who fixed the laws,
And a fool was he off hand,
For the thing he made was so full of flaws
No soul could understand.

The second one was a fiendish soul—
Who murdered night or day,
For in every law he could find a hole
And he knew he could get away.

The third was a fellow disliked by all,
A criminal lawyer he—
For what was crime—be it great or small
If only he got his fee.

“Give me the half that you stole,” he said,
“Did’st bury the man you slew?
I see your hands with his blood is red—
But I think I can pull you through.”

Blood money—yes—for 'twas his trade
By a trick or a crook or a flaw,
To find the hole that the fool had made
To strangle the court and law.

And still they walk in the open way,
With the same intent as at first,
And people ask in a casual way—
Which one of them all is worst?

AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL

And would I please my lady fair,
Here is the thing that I would do—
I would not praise her face, her hair,
Her eyes, however brown or blue.

I'd say—come with me just tonight
To yonder "Bowl" by Hollywood;
There where the stars are shining bright
Above the mountain's solitude.

Mozart, Beethoven, Verdi—all
The world's immortals will be there,
And yonder players will recall
The glory of the days that were.

There with the pine trees list'ning round
And stars and moonlight overhead,
Who that has felt it has not found
His soul to newer raptures led.

To sit beneath the stars a time
And listen to some madrigal
In such a land—in such a clime
It seems to me were best of all.

Thus would I please my lady fair
With music by yon choristers
For in an hour of list'ning there
A taste of heaven were surely hers.

“WHEN THE CURTAINS RISE”

From whence I came, I cannot tell,
Nor whither I may go—
I'm only sure that all is well,
The Master made it so.

For He who made all things that are,
The mountains and the sea,
And lighted yonder far-off star,
Must have a plan for me.

And so, as best I can, I'll wait
The bugles, sounding clear—
For well I know that soon or late,
God's daylight will be here.

And I will watch the curtains rise
To music soft and low,
And see at last with mine own eyes
The things I've longed to know.

BEAUTIFUL DEATH

Beautiful death—that is what it is;
And that very day I had told you so
When you stooped to give me one last kiss
And your eyes filled up. Oh! you did not know
How sweet and sudden a dream was mine,—
Without a pain, or a pang, at the last,
One single sip of the nectared wine,
And out of there to the here I passed.

Still for a little the clouds were cleft,
And there behind me, I still could see
The flowers, the room, and the friends I left,
And the beautiful body God gave to me.
And just a moment I waved my hand
From the rosy heights of the newer dawn,
To tell you, dear—did you understand—
That I was not dead, but was living on.

Now there is nothing of pain or pride;
Rapturous beings are everywhere,
And the dear, dear dead who have never died,
They are just the same as they were back there.
The very mountains and lakes you see,
O! all that gladdens your mortal eyes
Are brighter a thousand fold to me,
For I see them, dearest, in Paradise.

In the scented grove, when the night is near,
And the pine trees murmur a low, sweet song,
It is I that speak—do you sometimes hear?
That you stand so still, and you stand so long?
What do I tell you? O, this, no more;
Beautiful Death, it is sweet, so sweet,
Not the death that we thought before,
But the miracle death, that is life complete.

Out on the lawn when the rose is red,
And its breath an odorous ecstasy,
It is not the rose—it is I instead—
When you kiss the rose you are kissing me.
O, I often speak in the voice of things
That move your soul, and you know not why,
In the evening flute, and the sound of strings,
And the radiant isles of a summer sky.

When the nightingale on the hedgerow sings
Till the very trees in the woods rejoice,
And a nameless rapture around you clings,
It is I who speak in the sweet bird's voice.
Oh, could you hear me, oh, could you know,
Oh, could you breathe of this joyous land,
You would long for the Beautiful Death, and go
So glad, so glad—could you understand.

THE GUARD ON THE VOLGA

What is it you're watching, good soldier,
In the forest so dark and lone?
I have heard of no Turkish cannon,
And our Czar is at peace at home.
Why stand on the Volga River,
When the night is so cold and drear?
My Christ! must a soldier shiver,
When never a foeman is near?

Hark! peasant, across there, an army
Lies hid in the brushwood and moss,
And the sergeant said: "Watch by the ferry,
And see that no picket shall cross."
I charged the red ditches at Plevna,
And knew the foes' sabres by sight.
It was fierce! it was death! but I never
Knew fear in my life till tonight.

By Heavens! I tremble. What is it?
What is it, this army so near?
Why don't the drums beat to the rescue?
Why is not our Skobeleff here?
Are hordes of the desert upon us,
Are China's fierce legions at war,
And we but one guard on the Volga?
God save our good land and the Czar!

A fiercer foe, far, than the Tartar—
And armies of China are small,
When counted beside the battalions
That muster to conquer them all.
'Tis the Pestilence marching in silence,
That hides in the brushwood and moss;
But the sergeant said: "Stick to the ferry,
And see that no picket shall cross."

Great God! Do they think that a picket
Can stop what the Heavens command?
That bullets may wrestle with angels,
To keep the Plague out of the land?
Oh! soldier, I'm but a poor peasant,
Yet know that God has but one way.
Trust sabre, nor rifle, nor picket,
But kneel by the Volga and pray.

And peasant and soldier together
Knelt down in the forest alone,
And prayed that that night on the Volga
The hand of the Lord should be shown.
And though the plague lurks on the border,
And hides 'mid the brushwood and moss,
God's angels keep watch o'er the ferry,
And see that no picket shall cross.

LOVE AND SEPTEMBER

O tell me, have you seen her,
This brown-haired love of mine?
They call her sweet September,
And she is all divine.
A painter is my lady,
And, O, such heavenly skill!
One little touch of her white hand
Can color all the hill.

I saw her yester-morning
Pass down along the lane;
The woodbine turned its leaves to red
To see her face again.
The wild crab-apples on the trees
Felt warmer pulses stir;
The orchard and the forest leaves
Went blushing all for her.

She crossed the new-mown meadows,
Her palette in her hand,
And colors of the rainbow fell
Upon the happy land.
She touched the sumac with her breath,
To scarlet red it turned;
And all the hedge-rows by the lane
With gold and scarlet burned.

The purpling grapes in clusters
Upon the am'rous vine
She pressed and gave new promise
Of a more luscious wine.
And by the lazy stream she walked,
And past the dusty mills;
She left a mist upon the fields,
A purple on the hills.

I would that you had seen her
As through the woods she went,
A touch, a trifle mortal,
But more of heaven lent.
The happy breezes kissed her
Where smiles and dimples lay,
The winds and sunshine kissed her—
O, would that I were they.

LOOK UP

Did you ever think for a moment
That black as the cloud may be
The sun shines bright above it,
If only your eyes could see?

That over the mist and the rain-cloud
There's bending a sky of blue,
If only your soul could feel it,
If only your spirit knew?

Did ever you think in your trouble
When all of the world went wrong,
That close, if you only knew it,
There's beauty, and love, and song?

That out of the cloud misfortune,
And out of the cloud dismay,
There's a path that leads right upward,
If only you'd walk that way?

Just try it—go out to Nature,
And walk in the shining sun,
And walk where flowers are blooming,
And walk where the rivers run.

And there, with your soul uplifted,
Forgetting of care and grief,
You'll find the cure of the ages,
The healer that brings relief.

For a spirit has touched the sunshine,
And an angel has walked abroad,
And the balm of the air you're breathing
Is the balm of the breath of God!



FROM THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA

I send you, dear one, roses red,
From this fair island of the sea,
And though their petals may be dead,
They still will waken thoughts of me.

Tomorrow, and the ship will sail,
I know not where 'twill bear me to,
But this I know, if calm or gale,
My thoughts, dear one, will be of you.

An hour ago I walked alone
Where break the billows on the sand,
A feeling came—you must have known—
As in a dream I touched your hand.

From emerald isles these roses came,
From emerald seas of far away,
I kiss them and they breathe your name,
A thousand things to you they'll say.

Good-bye, the ship tomorrow sails,
Good-bye, for islands just as fair,
Where roses born in other vales
Will sweetly whisper, "She is there."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

So the guest of honor's left us, and the bard of humor's
dead!

Ah, the good things that he left us! and the kind things that
he said!

Is it true his chair is empty, is it true the voice is still
That could fill our hearts with rapture or bring tear-drops
at its will?

Left us when the lights were burning, and the toasts were
just begun,

When all eyes were turned upon him, as the sunflower to
the sun!

What though eighty years he'd waited—or the rest *had*
gone ahead!

His "last leaf" had never faded, all his roses still were red!

And the odor of his lilies, filled they not the blessed room?
And the garden of his fancy, was it not this day abloom?

He whose words were like to music that had thrilled us oft
and long,

Who had warmed us with the wine of thought, the red grape
of his song;

Will he never, never smile again whose smile made strangers
kin;

He whose verse was like the foaming wine that newly is
poured in?

Will he never touch the harp again that made us all so glad?
One single touch upon its chords had made us light or sad!

Is it true he has departed? Let us fill the cup to him—
To the poet over yonder—where the stars are never dim;
To the bard who saw God's sunshine from the heights to
 which he grew,
And who held the rifting clouds apart that we might see
it, too.

No, we will not stand lamenting; keep the lights up as they
 were!

He who loved us still is with us; take the crepe from off his
 chair;

He is only resting yonder till his harp is newly strung,
In the new dawn that is lighting, to the new song that is
 sung.

A BALLAD OF THE CORN

Oh, the undulating prairies,
And the fields of yellow corn—
Like a million soldiers waiting for the fray.
Oh, the rustling of the corn leaves
Like a distant fairy's horn,
And the notes the fairy bugles seem to play.

“We have risen from the bosom
Of the bounteous mother earth,
Where the farmer plowed his furrow straight and long,
There was gladness and rejoicing
When the summer gave us birth,
In the tumult of the dancing and the song.

“When the sumac turns to scarlet,
And the vines along the lane
Are garmented in autumn's golden wine—
Then the land shall smile in plenty,
And the toiler for his pain,
When the soldiers of our army stand in line.

“With our shining blades before us,
And our banners flaming far,
Want and hunger shall be slain forevermore,
And the corn-field's lord of plenty
In his golden-covered car,
Then shall stop at every happy toiler's door.”

Oh, the sunshine and the beauty
On the fields of ripened corn—
And the wigwams and the corn-rows where they stand,
In the lanes I hear the music
Of the faintly blowing horn,
And the blessed Indian summer's on the land.

A FAIR DEAD GIRL

How beautiful to die as does the rose,
Sweet fragrance casting on the am'rous air!
What if too lovely seemed life's way to close,
When death still leaves us with a scene so fair.

Like to the rose thy life was one sweet bloom,
Till Fate undid thee from the fair young stem;
It is not fit, this silent pall and plume,
These weeping maidens, and these sorrowing men.

Thou hadst fair youth, and life's sweet things the best;
Knew naught of Sorrow, or its lonely escort Pain;
Thou hadst the joys of life—leave us the rest,
Who well have known how much of life is vain.

Thy cup, half finished, flushed with joyous wine,
The sad dregs at its bottom thou didst never reach;
Thy night of revels had no morn's repine,
No aching heart, no long-regretted speech.

Thou didst not live the ignominy to own
Of beauty faded, or of roses fled;
Thy cheeks, they paled not, ere the buds were blown,
Thou wert not fairer when thou lived, than dead.

Death is no victor thus—we will not weep!
Thou walk'st in other paths of beauty now, more strange;
It is not Death we call this thing, but Sleep;
No parting this, but Beauty's secret change.

“GOOD-BYE, MAGGIE”

Good-bye, dear one, a word before you go—
Although you scarce may hear the things I say;
You seem so quiet there, one cannot know
If you'll be with us at the break of day.

Oh, things I've said a thousand times to you
I would repeat, if only you could hear,
Things of the past, and the bright days we knew
When heaven was mine because that you were near.

How like a dream, those two and fifty years!
For heaven did smile so often on us then
That even now amid my blinding tears,
I think I was the blessedest of men.

For every day you were my helping friend,
My joys or pains, you made them yours as well,
For we were lovers to the very end,
And will be still—wherever you may dwell.

A little while and those alluring eyes,
Now tired with pain, that shone so wondrously,
Will waken yonder in some paradise,
And gladden angels as they gladdened me.

And those dear ones who left us long ago
For that fair land that you are going to—
Hark to their welcome—yes, for them I know
Heaven will be dearer just because of you.

But oh, for me! how different will appear
The scenes we two have long and fondly known;
The flowers will bloom—but you will not be here,
The birds will sing—but I will be alone.

Yet not alone, for many a flower there'll be
And soft sweet music at the close of day,
And heavenly notes of song-birds minstrelsy,
To tell me, dear—you are not far away.

And so I'll try to think it is God's will,
That you and I should part a little while—
And be content to have it thus until
I see again the beauty of your smile.

THAT BEAU OF MINE

There's a Laddie I love, but you never
 Could guess in the world who it is,
But the moment I hear that he's coming,
 My heart's in a rapture of bliss.

He never has asked me to marry,
 He doesn't know how to propose,
Though surely he knows of my feeling,
 This loveliest one of my beaus.

If sleeping or waking I see him,
 His hand tangled all in my hair,
Should he long for a kiss, and should take it,
 I'm sure that I never would care.

Of course 'tis a secret, but listen,
 If really you're dying to know—
'Tis Bobby, my two-year-old baby,
 And that is my loveliest beau.

“BROWNIE”

I hope sometime when I have crossed the border
My Brownie dog will come and meet me there,
It seems to me it might be Heaven's order
That we should still the old affection share.

We were such friends, we two, whate'er the weather,
And well he knew he could not be forgot;
There was no day we did not go together,
No scene of beauty that we had not sought.

I know another just beyond the border
Who sore would miss him if he never came,
And she will ask some angel or immortal
In yonder book to write down Brownie's name.

Delight were mine, I'm sure, in added measure,
If fondly wishing it I only knew,
That in that land of love and light and pleasure,
Our little Brownie would be with us, too.



THE BALLAD OF QUINTIN MASSY

Who goes to the city of Antwerp, that famous old Flemish town,

Will see, in the square of the Munster, a fountain of great renown.

It stands by the grand Cathedral, the church with the wondrous chimes,

And the maidens go there for water, as they went in the olden times;

And they meet and talk of their lovers, till their pitchers are running o'er,

And wonder if Flemish lovers will be what they were, once more—

Will be what they were when Quintin, as famous in art as in love,

Wrought out from the heated iron the Roland that stands above.

As gallant a youth was Quintin as any in Antwerp town,
And never a better blacksmith made bellows go up and down;

And never a Flanders lover had maiden more richly fair,
Than the daughter of proud Franz Floris, renowned of the painters there.

But the haughty, the proud Franz Floris, looked up from his easel, and said:

“The world it has got but one Floris, with only one child to wed.

And he who will woo and win her, must first be a painter,
and paint
This fairest of faces in Flanders—knight-errant, or king,
or saint.

“I note that you are a blacksmith, and a clever one, too,
they say—
There are many fair girls in Antwerp would marry you
any day.

“But the daughter of old Franz Floris can never give heart
nor hand
To one who is not the equal of any in all the land.”

“Now, good Franz Floris, listen—I’ll tell you what I will
do—
There is not in the whole of Flanders a painter so great
as you;

“But if, within five short summers, I paint on a canvas clear,
A picture better than any of all you have painted here—

“Do you promise upon your honor, do you promise your
own good name,
That she shall be mine forever? be one in my love—my
fame?”

Loud laughed the great Franz Floris: “Too modest, young
man, by far.
Art is not won like a maiden, nor maidens as some things
. are.

“I grant that to be a blacksmith, to hammer a nail or a ring,
Is an easy task for a young man, but *art* is another thing.

“And whether my daughter is willing to wait five summers
for you?

There are enough of Antwerp’s gallants who wait but my
leave to woo.”

“I’ll wait!” cried Floris’ daughter; “I’ll wait, good Quintin,
nor wed;

Five summers will find me faithful, or else they will find
me dead.”

So he buckled his sword about him, and with pilgrim’s staff
in hand,

He wandered along fair rivers, he journeyed through many
a land;

And an image was ever before him: “Could I paint what my
soul doth see,

There is not a painter in Flanders, who would not be envy-
ing me.”

So out from the fields of Holland, and over cold fields of
snow,

By many an Alpine torrent, by many a gorge below,

The feet of the pilgrim wandered, far into that favored
clime,

Where art is a child of nature, and nature a thing sublime.

There he tarried and sought a master, in color, and form,
and line,

And watched the summer sunsets go out in a sea of wine.

And the days went by, and the summers in splendor their
cycles ran,

And the smith became a scholar, and the scholar the full-
grown man.

Five years to a day had vanished, five years and a month
had flown,
And the autumn had brought no message to her who was
left alone.

“He is dead,” she cried, “my lover, for faithless he could
not be,”

“He is dead,” the false winds whispered, “he is dead, but
not for thee.”

One day, when the great Franz Floris stood leaning on
Quintin’s well,
A peddler unloosed his bundle, with curious things to sell:

“For the love of God, buy something! I have nothing to
eat or wear!

I am told you are fond of pictures, and here I have one
that’s rare:

“It has neither frame nor stretcher—but the colors remain
as clear”—

“What is that? good heaven!” cried Floris, “ ’tis my child
that is painted here.

“Who—where is the master painter? How much is the price
you seek?

There is not a man in Flanders can paint such a brow and
cheek.”

“Thank God!” the stranger answered, “thank God that
you think it true,

For that picture is Quintin Massy’s, who claims your daugh-
ter of you.”

“But if you are Quintin Massy, and if this is the work of
your hand,

There is not such another painter in all of this Flemish land.

“There’s not such another painter, but I’ve news that is sad
for you,

And if you are Quintin Massy, you’ll know what I say is
true—

“Five summers my child had waited, five summers their
autumns wed,

And the winter brought no message, and the poor child
thought thee dead.

“‘He is dead,’ she cried, ‘my lover, for faithless he could
not be’;

‘He is dead,’ the false winds whispered, ‘he is dead, but
not for thee.’

“This morning, this very morning, when the cloister bells
strike nine,

There will be another sister at the cloister of Isoline;

“When the bell strikes nine and a quarter, she will kneel for
the one last vow—

‘Tis a mile from here, good Quintin, and the bells are ring-
ing now.”

“Horse—horse!” cries Quintin Massy, and his cloak is cast
afar,

And he rides with sword and buckler, as a soldier would
ride to war.

The bell strikes five already—the bell strikes six—and eight,
But Quintin’s sword has rattled the bars of the cloister gate.

“Who comes?” cries the angered abbess, “who storms at
the cloister door?

I tell you that Floris’ daughter is a child of the world no
more.

"For the solemn mass is chanting, and she kneels at the altar rail,
And pious nuns attend her, and bring her the sisters' veil."

"Stop, stop your prayers," cries Quintin, "for I swear by
Antwerp town,
You'll bring me Floris' daughter, or I'll burn your cloister down."

And the pale, poor nuns grew whiter, as white as the bands
they wore,
And they led a maiden fainting, and veiled, to the cloister door.

"It is done!" cried Quintin Massy, "the picture I saw, is
done!
And as you are Floris' daughter, so I am to be his son."

And the chimes of the famous Munster rang out in a joyous
tune,
As the bride and her blacksmith painter rode by on that
afternoon.

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONY

“Pile on the turf,” the farmer said,
“And let the embers glow,
The poor man’s house is quickly warmed,
Whatever winds may blow.
And thou, O stranger, by our hearth
Accept our humble cheer,
For down the lanes the north wind blows,
The night is cold and drear.

“And down the Baden hills there comes
The sound of breaking storm.
The Danube holds no cheer tonight,
Within its icy form.
'Tis twenty miles to yonder town
And thou art old and gray,
And thy tired limbs have done their own
With many leagues today.

“So sup with us and let the storm
Blow fierce, blow high or low,
There shall be good times by our hearth
Whatever winds may blow.”
So gathering round the frugal board—
“Let us give thanks,” he said,
“To God who ruleth on the storm,
Who gives the hungry bread.”

The good wife sat with folded hands,
The sons with heads bowed low,
“Give us this day our daily bread,
Whatever winds may blow.

And here's to thee, thou stranger guest,
 Fill up one cup the more,
There must be joy when strangers sit
 Within our humble door."

Then bending to his harpsichord,
 "My children, join with me,
And let us play, this stormy night,
 Beethoven's Symphony."
And quickly from its treasured place
 Came flute and mandolin—
The daughter tuned her loved guitar,
 The sons, the violin.

And soon the strains of melody
 Filled all the humble room,
And sweet-toned voices answered back,
 From out the gathering gloom;
 And tones, deep souled with joy or pain,
 Grew visible with form,
Deepening at times to other tones
 Heard in the sounding storm.

And sweeter, sweeter grew the strain,
 Like angels of delight,
Till heaven itself seemed very near
 To those who played that night;
While strange and still, the guest looked on
 And wondered much to see,
A father sob and strong men weep
 At their own minstrelsy.

"And are there tones on earth," he cried,
 "To move men's hearts like this?
Or was it heavenly music lent
 To fill their souls with bliss?

I, too, love music, but alas!
I hear no minstrel strain.
My ears hear not; nor laugh, nor song,
May glad my heart again.

“Give me the notes, that I may read
The tones of pathos deep;
He is immortal who can write
The strains that make you weep.”
He looked but once, his eyes grew dim
And quick his pulses beat,
As with a sob he tremblingly
Let fall the written sheet.

“And weepest thou, too, thou stranger guest,”
The wondering peasant said—
“And hast not heard the master’s tones,
The notes that we have played?”
There was a pause—the stranger’s face
Grew sweet in every line,
“*I am Beethoven,*” said the guest,
“*The symphony is mine.*”

"JUST DOWN AND OUT"

He was down and out, as the saying goes,
 Of hope he hadn't a single ray,
And his wretched look and his ragged clothes,
 It seemed he might have been born that way.

Discouraged? No! It was more than that,
 He had asked for a job that very day,
But the boss just looked at his shoes and hat,
 No tramp for him, and he turned away.

He rang the bell at a rich man's door,
 But the girl in the cap just stared and said:
"If you'd work a little, you wouldn't be poor,
 And you wouldn't come begging around for bread."

Yes! I knew him once, it was long ago,
 As dapper a youth as there was in town,
But the fates somehow, oh, I hardly know,
 Just caught him and held him and dragged him down.

And so he drifted the lonesome road,
 It is so easy to drift, they say,
When you haven't a roof for a night's abode,
 Or half a loaf for a winter's day.

None ever asked, for they did not care,
 How rags and wretchedness came about,
They only said, with an icy stare,
 "That fellow yonder is down and out."

But on a sudden a new hope came,
A woman's voice in a tone of love,
"Look up, have courage in Christ's sweet name,
The stars are shining somewhere above."

Surprised, he listened, it seemed the blue
That moment shone in a clouded sky,
And the light of the sun came peeping through,
And the Christ in the woman was passing by.

I met him there on another day,
A happier soul there was not about,
And she who did in the Christ-like way,
Had saved a man who was down and out.

ROOM FOR THE ANGELS

Far away by the Indus River,
Where the mornings are gold and red,
The mourners walk together,
And bury their silent dead,
In couples and in silence—
But ever a place ahead
Is left unfilled and honored,
As that where the angels tread.

'Tis a fancy, old as their river,
That, whenever they bury their dead,
The noise of wings is near them,
And light forms marching ahead—
So ever before the mourners,
And close to the pall and plume,
'Tis a beautiful heathen custom
To make for the angels room.

I've thought if some, not heathen,
Would make, in their worldly care,
Just room in their hearts for angels,
They would sometimes find them there.
If but in some nook or corner,
Filled up with the smallest things,
'Twere a joy to be sometimes hearing
The rustle of angels' wings.

I HEAR THE SEA

When night has let her curtain down
And darkness shuts the world from me,
In yonder little fisher town
I lie and listen to the sea.

My windows open to the strand,
I hear the sounding waters roll;
They beat the rocks, they wash the sand,
Their breakers cross the lighthouse mole.

And all the night, against the shore,
I hear their beat, but have no fear,
'Tis not alone the ocean's roar,
It is the voice of God I hear.

Forever thus, O sounding sea !
The years perpetual come and go;
Across life's bar they call to me,
As constant as the ocean's flow.

And so it is in yonder town,
When darkness falls across the lea,
Where fisher folk go up and down,
I lie and listen to the sea.

IF YOU WANT A KISS, WHY, TAKE IT

There's a jolly Saxon proverb,
That is pretty much like this—
A man is half in heaven,
When he has a woman's kiss.
But there's danger in delaying,
And the sweetness may forsake it;
So I tell you, bashful lover,
If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Never let another fellow
Steal a march on you in this,
Never let a laughing maiden
See you spoiling for a kiss;
There's a royal way to kissing,
And the jolly ones who make it,
Have a motto that is winning—
If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Any fool may face a cannon,
Any booby wear a crown;
But a man must win a woman,
If he'd have her for his own—
Would have the golden apple,
You must find the tree and shake it;
If the thing is worth the having,
And you want a kiss, why, take it.

Who would burn upon the desert
With a forest smiling by?
Who would give his sunny summer
For a bleak and wintry sky?
O, I tell you, there's a magic,
And you cannot, cannot break it,
For the sweetest part of loving
Is to want a kiss and take it.

THE INVISIBLE NUN

Three nuns there were on a ship at sea,
And each was very fair;
But one was fairer than all the rest,
And she had golden hair.

Sweet nuns they were, and their rosaries
They counted every day;
They held their beads in their lily hands,
I would that I were they.

They were "but three," the ship-folks said,
Yet four there were, I swear;
For the fairest one I counted twice,
Because she was so fair.

I counted twice—for two she was,
Plain as the stars above;
For half of her was a sweet nun's face,
And half was a face for Love.

And ever when on the deck they came,
And low their voices fell,
The ship-folks bowed to the sisters three,
I bowed to a fourth as well.

And they are gone, with their rosaries,
Gone are the sisters three—
But half of her with the golden hair
Will stay forever with me.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA

Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountains,
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe;
When a rider came out from the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up and be ready!
For Sherman will march to the sea!"

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men;
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would greet us,
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys! forward to battle!
We marched on our perilous way,
And we stormed the wild hills of Resaca—
God bless those who fell on that day!
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free;
But the East and the West bore our standards
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

Still onward we pressed, till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the rebel flag falls.

Yet we paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree,
But we twined them a wreath of the laurel,
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

O! proud was our army that morning,
That stood where the pine darkly towers,
When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary;
Today fair Savannah is ours."
Then sang we a song for our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shone brighter,
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

The Story of a Famous War Song

The song of "Sherman's March to the Sea" was written by S. H. M. Byers—then adjutant of the 5th Iowa Infantry—while a prisoner of war in Columbia, South Carolina. The music was composed by Capt. J. O. Rockwell. The song was first sung by a prison glee club among the six hundred officers in the prison, and was received with great excitement. A copy of it was secretly carried through the enemy's lines to Sherman's army, in a hollow artificial leg, by Capt. Tower, of Ottumwa, Ia.

The author escaped from prison shortly afterwards and heard the song sung by the whole of Sherman's army. The campaign from Atlanta to the ocean at once took on the name of the song—"Sherman's March to the Sea." A million copies were sold at the close of the war, but as it was not copyrighted the authors received nothing. The music has long been out of print, but the words were sometimes sung to the air of "The Red, White and Blue."

BEYOND THE GATES

We often wondered, she and I,
What thing might lie behind the wall,
Whose gate stands open when we die,
Then sudden, shuts beyond recall.

We longed and looked, and dear ones past
As if on wings in viewless air,
No path they left, nor shadow cast,
They sailed and sailed, we knew not where.

Sometimes when twilight gathered round,
Each spake to each when lamps were low,
And never yet God's answer found;
We only said, "We do not know."

Then came a promise each to each,
Our thoughts still on the gate divine,
Beyond the wall, if one has speech,
Who enters first shall give a sign.

One summer day she left my side,
A struggle and the angels won;
And that sad gate that stood so wide,
I heard it close and all was done.

And then I waited for the sign;
If love could pierce the mighty wall,
Then she would speak, this lost of mine;
I listened, but no word at all;

Till once, with Nature all in tune,
I walked beneath the myriad stars;
The breath of night was on the June,
And god seemed letting down the bars.

And all at once I seemed to hear
Celestial music in the sky,
And her sweet voice, so soft and clear;
And then I knew, *we do not die.*

IN LIBBY*

I hear the music of the bells
Float out upon the summer air—
Now, like the sea their chorus swells,
Now, faintly, as the breath of prayer;
Yet lingering still as if to bless
My heart within its loneliness.

The tide comes up from out the bay,
The sails ride to and fro;
I stand and watch them all the day,
Out on the stream below;
But bending sail, nor flowing sea,
Brings one sweet word of joy to me.

*The author was seven months in Libby prison.



THE KNIGHTS OF THE PENCIL AND PEN

When the knights of the pen and the pencil,
Enchanters of women and men,
Like swallows shall visit their roof-tree,
What welcome we'll give to them then!

When the writers of love and romances,
And the poets of beauty and song,
Shall gather like sweet birds of passage,
With hearts that have loved them so long.

May the scenes they revisit remind them
Of days when their fancy was young,
Ere the tales and romances were written,
Or the songs of the poets were sung.

May the brook and the hill and the wildwood
Still call as they called them before,
Ere the laurel was bound on their foreheads
Or their ships had sailed off from the shore.

May they drink in these days of October,
These forests of scarlet and gold;
And, touched by the goldenrod's beauty,
New visions of wonder behold.

May they draw from the wells of their fancy
New glories of things that are fair;
Things deep as the deep of the ocean,
Things light as the light of the air.

May the pictures of beauty still linger,
Soul-dreamings of things that are true—
The things that are felt by the many
But only are said by the few.

May the gods and the muses be with them—
Melpomene, Clio, to bring
The fire from Olympian heaven,
The torch that shall burn while they sing.

And we'll see them and look in their faces,
These wonderful women and men,
Who captured our hearts and our graces,
These knights of the pencil and pen.

JAMIE'S COMING O'ER THE MOOR

Jamie's coming o'er the moor,
Heaven smile, and good betide him!
I am rich and Jamie's poor,
But I love no one beside him.

Jamie, Jamie, all the day,—
I am thinking only of him;
June would not be June alway,
If I did not see and love him.

Twelve sweet moons ago we met,
Twelve sweet moons have been the token,
Break, my heart, or else forget
Jamie yet no word hath spoken.

List! 'tis Jamie's voice I hear,
One sweet voice of all the many.
I shall have no longer fear—
Jamie cries, "I love you, Jeannie!"

Jamie comes across the moor,
Heaven smile, and love betide him;
Neither I nor Jamie's poor,
When I love no one beside him.

TO REV. —————

(With a barrel of apples on Christmas day)

By eating apples Adam fell,
As we are surely told;
But then, they had no Jonathans
In Eden's happy fold.
From eating apples, such as *these*,
No harm can ever come;
And Eve would never have been blamed
For giving Adam some.
Besides, she should have gathered them
(That, anyone can see),
Not from a long-forbidden fruit,
But from a Christmas tree.
Now, eat as many as you can,
Nor ask from whence they came,
Nor what they cost, nor where they grew,
Nor anybody's name.
For seeking knowledge was the thing
That caused those people's fall,
And brought the legendary curse
Upon us, one and all.

TO "JIM"

November 23, 1923

Old Friend—today you're eighty-five,
And I was that in last July;
Astounding quick these dates arrive
And quicker still they pass us by.

Some threescore years at least are gone
Since first as boys we met,
And other years go slipping on—
Still we are boys as yet.

There was no parting of our ways,
Naught could our friendship dim,
You called me "Marsh" through all the days,
And I still call you "Jim."

The desert stretches far today
Betwixt myself and you,
And years have almost swept away
The places that we knew.

The million blossomed prairies where
We wandered many a day,
Are plowed-up fields and going there
I'm sure you'd lose the way.

By Alpine lakes I dwelt and dreamed,
You roamed in many far-off lands;
Far, far apart—and yet it seemed
We still were touching hands.

A little while, the sun goes down,
It is the journey's end,
Not much they'll miss us in the town,
But each will miss a friend.

And when our ships have crossed the line,
With sails all set and trim,
Who knows but in some land divine,
I still will call you "Jim."

THE YOSEMITE

I stood within a valley deep and green,
Where walls of rock commingle with the sky—
There in cold ether, lofty and serene,
They watch the centuries go marching by.
From dizzy heights adown their granite sides
Leap snow-fed brooks and lovely waterfalls,
While through the vale the Merced River glides
And murmur'ring answers to the brooklet's calls.

Below, the fir trees lift their lofty heads,
As if they, too, would touch yon dappled sky,
While noisy waters leap o'er stony beds
And soft green meadows twixt the forests lie.
A thousand years their voice has been the same;
Ere man was thought of in the wondrous scheme—
These rocks, this vale, these mountains without name,
These "Happy Isles" so like a summer's dream.

Now night comes on and yonder silver moon
And shining stars will ride across in state;
There is no noise, save yonder crooning tune
Of waters falling where the mountains wait.
These and the murmuring of the forest trees
That moan forever their undying song;
There is no note on any land or seas
So sad as these, when gentle winds prolong.

Soon yon far peaks that in the moonlight stand—
And others yet, the dimly shadowed ones,
Will seem as watchers of the happy land,
Or gray-robed priests reciting orisons.

Let him, that's touched by high and loftier things
Than this dull round of noise and city strife,
Fly to yon valley and its cooling springs
And taste anew the joyousness of life.

A day, an hour in that enchanted land
And thoughts will rise that often may appall,
Of Him, the Maker, and His Mighty hand,
And our own littleness the most of all.
One hour alone in that high vale to be,
Amidst the vastness that is ever there,
And only look on yon Yosemite—
Though speechless, yet that look would seem a prayer.

THE FLAG

What flag is that on yonder breeze?
Among a hundred none so fair;
I've seen it float on far-off seas,
It thrilled my soul to see it there.

I've seen it wave in many lands
Where I have wandered, sad and lone;
There on my heart I'd press my hands,
And weep because it was my own.

I've seen it through black prison-bars,
When death seemed lurking at my side;
"Oh, let me touch yon Stripes and Stars,
I will die happy then," I cried.

Flag of the new world's hope and light,
Be ever this the patriot's prayer:
That kindly hands by day, by night,
May keep our standard ever there.

There by the heavenly breezes fanned,
Hope of new nations yet to be,
A voice far-heard in many a land,
Immortal symbol of the free.

MARGARET

Dear Margaret, you bid me say
 What most in women I adore;
Well—Beauty in a general way—
 Of course there must be something more.

A woman's voice, when soft and low,
 Is something, too, that touches me;
It moves us oftener than we know,
 As does some soft-toned melody.

And eyes—brown eyes I do prefer,
 Tho coal-black eyes have more of fire—
And blue can make my bosom stir,
 But brown, I'm sure, I most admire.

And then there is that subtle charm
 In woman's power to possess—
A thing that makes the coldest warm,
 Made up of smiles and loveliness.

But, summing up, I will confess,
 A hundred times beyond recall,
The kindness that you possess,
 Dear Margaret, is worth them all.



THE BALLAD OF MONA LISA

Again Gioconda's wife had gone
To the accustomed place
Where the great master should retouch
The picture of her face.

Three years had Mona Lisa sat
To the great Florentine;
And yet the picture was not done;
Again the fields are green.

They are alone; the greatest soul
In Italy—and she,
No rose and lily all in one
So beautiful could be.

She smiled: "This is my day you know,
It suits my face; and here,
The little clouds that come and go,
Are your loved atmosphere.

"For Leonardo, look, the mists
Across the Arno rest;
And days like these, you always said,
You painted me the best."

Day in, day out, had he not sought
Some mystery to trace?
Some thing no artist yet had caught,
The soul behind the face?

Her face with each emotion changed,
Some new enchantment wore;
And once, a longing look was hers
That was not hers before.

Day in, day out, he painted on,
And all so tenderly,
Knew all her thoughts, save that great one
He was too blind to see.

Each held a secret neither told—
To realms of love the key;
Yet neither dared the door unfold
To love's great ecstasy.

Entrancing music was her voice—
Soft as the murmur'ring firs;
She did not know that listening there
His soul passed into hers.

Again she smiled, and gave her hand,
He kissed it in farewell,
And saw in her entreating eyes
The thing she dared not tell.

He, too, nor dared, nor spoke, nor knew,
That moment was his doom;
As in a dream his tongue was fast,
She slowly left the room.

Transfixed, he waited there, and long
Gazed on his canvas fair,
And gazing saw the broken heart
He had not known was there.

Days passed, and absence only lent
Some new grief to the old;
The sorrowing, mad'ning discontent
Of love that is not told.

Far, far, he wandered by the sea,
As by a phantom led,
But ever in his soul there burned
The words he should have said.

“I will go back,” he thought, at last,
“I shall have courage yet,”
And turned his face to that dear spot
Where first their souls had met.

Too late! Where winds the Arno down
To meet the blue sea wave,
They told him where to find the stone
That marked her lowly grave.

But in a palace by the Seine,
In gilded halls of state,
There Mona Lisa’s picture hangs
Among the fair and great.

And strangers, ling’ring long, will look,
Chained by the master’s spell,
On one whom Leonardo loved,
Yet never dared to tell.

“LISTENING IN”

'Twas night and I was listening in
To some soft music on the air,
When all at once I heard begin
A song that seemed beyond compare.

Home, Home, Sweet Home, the notes I heard
In strains that were as half divine;
O, singer of that night you stirred
A thousand hearts as well as mine.

With half-closed eyes I seemed to see
A lonesome cabin on the plain,
Its dweller, too, alone, had he
Not listened to your winsome strain.

Outside, the winds were moaning low,
The desert winds are ever sad;
He, too, was sad and lone, but lo—
He heard the music and was glad.

His little crystal set alone
His treasure, in that cabin dim;
O girl, who sang, I wish you'd known
The joy your music brought to him.

There was another gladdened well,
A sailor on the boundless blue,
He listened, lady, dare I tell,
He heard and dreamed that night of you.

And one who by her pillow kept
Long vigils all the weary night—
And heard your voice while others slept
She blessed you in her glad delight.

And so in some far solitude,
Where never yet a church-bell rang,
To simple dwellers of the wood,
It seemed as if an angel sang.

O, it must be a joy to sing
A song upon the rapturous air,
And know the gladness that you bring
To tens of thousands listening there.

Tomorrow night will soon be here,
And I, again, be listening in—
And though I may not see you, dear,
I'll hear the happy songs you sing.

AT LAGUNA BEACH

When I am tired of all the town,
And long for scenes more dear to me,
I take my staff and wander down
To old Laguna by the Sea.

'Tis but a hamlet, there, I know,
Where one may see the ships go by,
With cliffs above, a beach below,
And O! so wonderful a sky.

Along the shore for miles and miles
The sea-gods build such wondrous things;
One sees but caves, and rocks, and isles,
And crested waves with snowy wings.

And in the purpling distance there
Fair Catalina seems to be
Some phantom island hung in air
Betwixt the blue sky and the sea.

Here painters paint and make their home,
Inspired by rock and breakers' crest,
Nor thinking now of Greece nor Rome,
They copy nature at its best.

They hear the sea; I, too, would hear
The voice of yon great chorister—
Its organ tones when storms are near,
And waves beat round yon rocky spur.

From far-off depths their voices come,
Vast ocean's music wand'ring by;
They speak, and yet they are as dumb,
They ebb, and flow, and pass, and die.

Oh, oft I've thought if one could find,
Words for the music of the sea,
There were no songs of any kind
Like yonder ocean's minstrelsy.

What wonder then if from the town
A little while I would be free,
I take my staff and wander down
To old Laguna by the Sea.

THE LADY OF THE KEYS

There's a lovely little lady,
A musician, that I know,
She's been married twenty summers,
So I cannot be her beau.

But all the world may know it,
And this is what I say,
I'd walk the whole town over
Just to hear the lady play.

Were I a noted singer,
And they cheered to hear me sing,
I would have her play the music
Till I made the rafters ring.

Were I a grand piano—
A Steinway, if you please,
I would tremble just in pleasure
When her fingers touched the keys.

Every little touch, I'd hear it
With a rapturous delight,
For the notes were born in heaven,
That are here in black and white.

Oh, the world is always better,
And the heart is more at ease,
When you listen to the lady
With her fingers on the keys.

A SONG OF YOUTH

It is nine by the old town clock,
And nine by the college bell,
And over the fields in the cold, crisp air,
I hear the echoes swell.

And I hear the words that they say,
“Whatever the world may seem,
Youth’s day is the golden day,
And life’s but a passing dream.”

Oh, the tramping of youthful feet,
I hear on the college stair,
And the songs that are dear and sweet,
As only the youth-songs are.

And the chimes in the belfry still,
Tell ever the same old song,
“The days of youth are the best days,
And life’s but a dream, nor long.”

Then I said to the bell, “Be still,
Nor clatter in endless rhyme,
Of youth and a childish will,
Of only a sweet springtime.

“There is warmth in a summer sky,
And growth in the bladed corn,
There is health when the sun is high,
And joy in a summer’s morn.

“There is brain for the man full grown,
An aim for the bow that bends,
And a scent in the rose full blown,
That only the summer lends.”

But the clanging bell rang on,
“There’s hope in the young man’s breast,
Ere the bud to the rose be blown,
And the first days are the best.”

But I said, “When the autumn comes,
And the woods are scarlet red,
And the golden sheaves on the threshing-floor
Are ripe for the thresher’s tread,

“When the heart and the brain are tried,
And life to its goal has pressed,
And the trump of fame sounds wide,
The autumn days are the best.”

But again the old bell said,
“There’s ever more straw than wheat,
And the thresher tires ere the day is fled,
And fame’s but a passing cheat.”

“Yet the winter,” I said, “though cold,
Has ever a song that’s clear,
With the cattle housed, and the sheep in fold,
And friends and a fireside cheer.

“And the thought of a life well spent,
A dream of a new life near,
With a joy and a sweet content,
That maketh the winter dear.”

But forever the bell said, "No!
The summers may have their zest,
But the spring has the promise-bow,
And the days of our youth are best."

Then I heard on the college stair,
A clatter of many feet,
And a song in the open air,
A shout of a joy complete.

And I cried to the clanging bell,
"Ring out to the east and west,
To the world ring out, and tell
The days of our youth are best."

MRS. L——— AND HER TURKEY

Your turkey, Madame; came to town
Without a fuss or feather,
And ten brave people all sat down
And ate it up together.

And when the matter all was through,
(The bird no longer living),
Each said he felt he never knew
Such jolly good Thanksgiving.

For every one had done his best
To finish up the matter;
Six persons took the legs and breast,
The other four the platter.

And angel cake, quite fit for kings,
And fruits, and cooling ices,
Cranberry sauce, and other things,
Filled up the interstices.

And not a single person thought
To raise the foolish question
If eating such a turkey ought
To give us indigestion.

But every one in kindly word,
Rose up to show he meant it,
And toasted loud the turkey bird,
And likewise her who sent it.

THE BAY OF AVALON

I crossed the sea to Avalon,
And glad was I the while,
For like a dream is Avalon
On Catalina's isle.
Oh, never bluer sea than this,
Nor bluer skies above,
Where many a flower blooms to kiss
This paradise of love.

Just like a dream the mountains stood,
Just like a dream the bay,
And many a nook and inglewood
In deep recesses lay.
And sunken gardens of the sea
In plumes of yellow gold,
Where homes of mermaid well could be,
As in the days of old.

Oh, happy ship to sail upon
A sea forever blue,
And happy winds to chase and run
Along the sea with you.
Farewell, farewell to Avalon,
And Avalon's blue sea,
Still may the kindly breezes blow
To bear me back to thee.

TO OUR TELEPHONE GIRL

I send a message on the wire
To one whose face I've never seen;
But may she have her heart's desire
When all the Christmas trees are green.

And, if a lover comes her way,
I pray he may not come too late,
Or, disappointed, hear her say,
"The line is busy, you must wait."

But, rather, when he stops and woos,
Or claims a kiss beneath the trees,
She, half consenting—half refuse,
Shall ask, "What number, if you please?"

AT EIGHTY-FIVE

Hello, my friend—you're back again;
My birthday, sure as fate.
Come in—that was a noiseless step,
But what a rapid gait.
Of course it seems a little soon,
At least I found it so;
As I remember you were here
About a year ago.

But still, I'm proud to have you come;
Your visits seem to say,
"He finds the world just mighty good,
And rather likes to stay."
You ask me how I'm getting on!
Well, this, at least, is sure—
I thank the Lord at night and dawn
I'm neither rich nor poor.

I haven't much of worldly things;
What matters—old or new—
I couldn't take the stuff along,
Where I am going to.
I have no mansion of my own,
Nor land—but what of that?
He is the lucky one who finds
Contentment in a flat.

I have the fields—the open air,
The happy birds that sing,
And he who loveth these, my friend,
Why, he has everything.

There's health in every step you take
 In God's delicious open air,
There's music when the birds awake,
 For God's own troubadours are there.

And so the years go slipping on,
 I scarcely count them any more,
For stars and sea and rosy dawn
 Are mine just as they were before.
Life's but a show for king or clown,
 Let's watch the stage a little, then,
Before they ring the curtain down,
 Come back and let's shake hands again.

GOOD MORNING

Good Morning—Good morning—
How cheery your voice is,
It touches my heart
In the words that you say;
O lighter the toil
And the task of the day is
For the cheery Good morning
You just said to me.

So often the day has
A shadow in starting,
Just one little cloud
And you scarcely know why,
One word and a smile
And a cheery Good morning,
And shadow and cloud
Are all gone from the sky.

Good morning—Good morning—
How gladly we hear it,
That moment the sky
Has a tenderer blue;
There's something we know not
Uplifting the Spirit,
And nature seems saying
Good morning to you.

The birds and the flowers
They bid us Good morning—
Let us be as kindly
And gracious as they—
For are we not brothers
Abroad on a journey,
And all are God's children
We meet on the way.

IN ARCADY

I dreamed I was in Arcady,
The land of love and song,
There was no winter there at all,
And summer days were long.

As happy as the birds—they lived
In yonder valley fair,
Of what might happen soon or late
They did not need to care.

Not much they talked of good or bad
On some hereafter shore,
Such joy of living here they had
They asked for nothing more.

The rose—the blossoms on the trees,
The blue sky overhead,
The singing birds and brooks and seas,
“It is enough,” they said.

“And where and where is Arcady?”
I’m sure I heard you say,
It’s not an island of the sea,
Nor far-away Cathay.

No map will show you where it is,
But listen, friend, and find
That Arcady’s no land at all,
But just a state of mind.

Give up the noisy discontent,
The awful chase for pelf—
For this is what the poet meant,
And Arcady’s yourself.

Just be in love with what you’ve got,
Whatever winds have blown—
Heaven sends to earth no happier lot,
And Arcady’s your own.

INSCRIPTION ON SHILOH
MONUMENT

Brave of the brave—

The twice five thousand men—

Who all that day stood in the battle shock;

Fame holds them dear,

And with immortal pen—

Inscribes their names on the enduring rock.

THE BELLS OF CAPISTRANO

Foreword

The California missions were established by Spanish Friars in the middle and towards the end of the eighteenth century. Capistrano itself was dedicated November 1, 1776. It is near the sea, at the village of San Juan Capistrano, between Los Angeles and San Diego. There were twenty-one missions, all told, along the California coast. They were connected by a road called "El Camino Real," or The King's Highway. California then belonged to Spain. It was the most romantic period of its existence. Most of the missions are in ruins; but they are the most picturesque ruins on this continent.

Capistrano mission was destroyed by an earthquake December 8, 1812. Forty persons were killed.

The descriptions of life at the missions, as told in these poems, are from authentic sources.



The Bells of Capistrano

Wouldst see a ruin of enchanting beauty,
And hear a story of its old-time splendor,
When all the land along the coast was Spanish,
Save the wild natives bivouacked in the forests ?
Then turn thy steps to San Juan Capistrano,
Go there by moonlight, almost any season,
There is no winter in that golden climate,
Where blooms the rose in April or December.

There by the waters of the great Pacific,
Its back upon the mountains and the desert,
Stands the old ruin, silent in the moonlight.
Climb to some eminence and look about you,
Look when the moon is highest in the heavens,
And falls full on the mission's great quadrangle,
Illuminating all the dream-like; slender arches ;
Each column lights, and all the corridors ;
Or fills with glory yonder falling transept,
And thou wilt see a very lovely vision.
The nearby hills lie sleeping in the moonlight ;
Below you is a fair and fertile valley,
All rich in lemon trees, and groves of walnut ;
A little farther, the Pacific Ocean ;
All waveless now, but glinting in the moonlight
As if a glory had been cast upon it.
No sound is heard except a gentle river—
Or else a mocking-bird there sweetly singing.

* * * * *

On such a night one summer evening, sitting
Beneath that pepper tree before the mission,
I and the old Alcalde talked together.
There was a village wedding on that evening

Within the chapel of that broken ruin,
And when it was all done the bells were ringing;
Two merry boys down on the grass were pulling
The long bell ropes that reached up to the tower.
A pretty sight it was there in the moonlight,
These barefoot boys who rang the wedding marches,
While hills and valleys echoed back the music,
The bride, a dark-eyed Spanish girl, and pretty,
Walked out on roses strewn by little maidens,
And as the bells died off far up the valley
Guitars were heard, and castanets, and viols
Down at the inn where they would dance till morning.

* * * * *

“It all reminds me,” said the old Alcalde,
“Of that old tale I promised once to tell you.
That pretty bride you saw—that village maiden,
Could trace her line far back to greater people—
Such as Francisco, he the sweet musician,
And fair Dolores, loveliest of the valley,
When all the coast was famous for its beauties.”

* * * * *

Well, here’s the story told at Capistrano,
You must have read in parchments old and faded,
How on a time a Spanish ruler, hearing
Of this bright land by the Pacific Ocean,
Then all in heathendom, and half discovered,
Sent ships and priests to claim the blessed country.
Besides, they were to build great mission houses
Here by the mountains and along the ocean—
And when they could, convert the native heathen.
It was no race of wild and fierce born warriors
Lived in these mountains at the first beginning,
But simple people, weak, and little knowing.

Well, so they came, these pious priests and soldiers,
Built these great missions northward by the ocean;

And built a road—"The King's Highway" they called it,
Two hundred leagues, thus linking all together.
This was the seventh; and, you know the story—
How friars came, brought with them bells, and vestments—
As was their habit in the first beginning—
And started thus a mission in the desert.
First hung the bells on trees to call the heathen,
Then built rude huts of reeds and spreading bushes;
Had *started*, only, when a cry of danger
From other missions made them hurry to them.
Then leaving all, they went to San Diego.
The bells they left behind them in the forest,
Hid from the Indians and unholy people;
For they were sacred most as gifts from heaven—
Blessed by the Pope, and by the friars worshipped;
A great white cross they planted in the valley,
Then left the place their pious tears had watered.

* * * * *

A year went by, and stranger friars followed.
The cross still stood there, beckoning to the heathen,
Its great white arms forever skyward stretching;
For very fear the red man left it standing—
Told awful tales of strange things happening near it,
Of groaning hills, and smoke up in the mountains,
And fires that blazed upon them at the midnight.

* * * * *

The bells were *gone*, and no soul answered whither;
If in the sand, or in some gloomy canyon.
Or if, perhaps, deep in the ocean's bosom,
For he was dead who only knew the secret.
So other bells were borrowed for the mission;
And once again the cry went to the heathen.
Who, seeing now the good life of the friars,
Themselves became a kinder race of people;
Came to the cross by thousands at the mission;
Joined in the friars' labor, and the building;

Learned many crafts, and helped in many places;
A simple folk, that did the friars' bidding.

Day in, day out, the people carried burdens;
With simple tools they worked, and delved, and quarried;
Made tiles of clay, and cut trees in the forest;
So, laboring on, the mission was completed.
Then other friars came and their assistants,
And teachers came, across the farthest ocean;
And every craft was taught to men and women;
The busy loom, and shuttle, sounded ever;
And schools began, and every craft and calling—
None dared be idle, neither man nor woman;
For next to serving God, was honest labor.

So taught the priests, and gave themselves example;
And next to these the art of being joyous;
Indoors, or out, the busy hands kept moving;
The loom, and spindles, occupied the women,
And tilling ground gave men their daily labor;
This, and the vineyards, and the herds of cattle;
Toil brought them sleep, and sleep new-born endeavor.
The rising sun saw all within the chapel;
An early mass—a little song, and music,
Some simple breakfast, made of beans, and barley,
And then the fields rejoiced to see them coming;
A noon-day rest, an evening rendered joyous
By song and dance, and games for men and women.
Sometimes a flute was heard out in the garden;
It was Francisco—he, the sweet musician,
The mission chorister for all the singers.
Straight from Castile he came, his music with him.
One thought he had—some day to be a friar—
A priest, perhaps, who knows, perhaps a cardinal;
Such things had been—and might it not still happen?
That was his room, there by the right hand corner—

The second door beyond the mission portal.
It was inborn in him, I think; this music—
But much from nature, too, he must have captured;
Birds, and the waterfalls, and every gladness
To him had melodies of untold sweetness;
But most his flute afforded joyous rapture.
Dark-eyed, dark-haired, and very young, and Spanish,
And handsome, too, almost beyond expressing;
Fra Angelo a face like his had painted—
But, giving wings, had made an angel of him.
Music his joy, not even love nor passion
Had touched his heart, or changed his true devotion.
Not love he knew, nor any of love's pleasures—
Not love he knew, nor any of love's sorrows.

There still was time. Who knows to read his future?
He loved his music, day and night and morning;
And so, at last, not one of all the missions
Could boast a choir like that of Capistrano.
Nor anywhere was the Te Deum chanted,
The high mass sung in such a glorious fashion,
As when Francisco and his choir of singers
Filled all the mission with enchanting music.
The very hills seemed listening and in gladness,
As if they heard the violins and viols,
The flutes and drums, the castanets and voices,
But most of all the voice of fair Dolores.
She, from far Carmelo, the blessed valley,
Had come to learn of him the sweet musician.
At far rancherias they knew her beauty,
At rich estates where lived the exiled Spanish;
For such there were on all the sea-line border.

Now on a time came gay Antonio riding
His great white stallion to the mission service;
His silver spurs, and jewelled bridle shining,

His great sombrero, decked with gold and ribbon,
His silken vest, and trousers made of velyet;
Down low he bowed, and crossed himself, and entered.
Dolores saw him, thought him very splendid—
But turned a little seeing he was looking
Straight at her face, where she was standing singing,
Ashamed to be so gazed at there in public,
Yet in her heart a little proud at knowing
It was her beauty kept him looking at her.
For where was woman yet that needed telling
If anyone were looking at her beauty?
And she was beautiful, and good as beautiful,
For goodness, too, is but a kind of beauty;
Without it beauty is not even beautiful.
Fair face she had and hair all richly golden,
And eyes like violets in the early May time.

* * . * * *

And this was he, Antonio, the handsome,
With raven hair, and eyes black as the midnight.
A hundred times had she not heard his praises!
The finest rider, too, in all the valley;
Possessed of lands that reached clear to the ocean;
Exiled from Spain when Bonaparte was ruler,
When despots' heels were on his country's border.
Once on a time, in some great broil or other,
He took a fort, and won the young king's favor.
Great grants received, of lands in California.

Then came the French, and drove the king to exile;
Antonio, too, was chased across the ocean—
Where now he lived among his mountain acres,
Lord of great fields beyond all computation,
Square miles of valley, reaching north and southward,
Square miles of mesa, chaparral and mountain,
Where roamed his droves of horses and of cattle.
Dolores saw him when he was not looking,

Saw all the richness of his velvet costume,
The gold and silver of his spurs and bridle,
Saw the white stallion prancing there and pawing,
Best blood of Monterey's world-famous horses;
Saw him, Antonio, the handsome rider—
The princely bow he made in passing by her;
Saw all and wondered what fair maid would win him;
And as he rode far off, and up the valley,
Still, longing, looked, and wondered who would win him.

Now he rode off and onward in the valley,
Forever thinking of the mission music,
And why it was his soul was so ecstatic?
Or why the world seemed better now and brighter?
Men had been smitten in a single moment,
Such sudden ways love often has of doing;
And so Antonio, though he did not know it,
Had got a wound almost beyond explaining.
A change there was, but words cannot express it,
Some subtle thing awakened other feelings;
The wild rose, somehow, had another meaning,
And if a bird sang from some bush or olive,
His mind went back to yonder chapel's music.
Alone he was, yet one sweet face was with him,
As 't were a spirit in the air beside him;

So he went on, and upward in the valley;
Went to his home and waited, all impatient,
A certain festival down at the mission,
When all the people came to games and races;
Came from the mission down at San Diego,
From San Obispo, and a dozen others;
She, too, would come, somehow he knew and waited.

* * * * *

The spring had come with all its birds and flowers,
Such spring as comes to that fair climate only,

With almond blooms and gold acacia blossoms,
Bright orange groves, and walnut trees and lemon,
And ocean breezes sweeping up the valley,
And sunshine lying on the hills forever,
And misty mountains leaning up to heaven—
Such was the scene that made life there delicious.

Still at the mission, like a beehive's humming,
Each soul was busy with its love and labor;
Some in the shops a hundred things were doing—
Some saying prayers, and some reciting lessons,
For every neophyte must work or study,
Converted souls must know that labor's holy.
The idle Indian soon became a helper—
Learned trades, and crafts, as well as prayers and masses,
Still watched the herds upon a hundred hillsides.

* * * * *

In an enclosure, like an eastern harem,
Or old-time nunnery, well-kept and guarded,
The women toiled at many a lighter calling—
With busy shuttle and the needle going,
Clothed all the people living at the mission—
Made stuffs to sell, bright Indian robes, and blankets,
Strange baskets wove, of bulrush and wild grasses.

* * * * *

The girls their music had, as well as labor,
For pleasure there was hand-maid still of toiling,
And all knew music, flute, or voice, or viol,
The sweet guitar at every night was thrumming;
And oftentimes Dolores taught them Spanish,
Or thought out plans for this thing, or for that thing,
Helped find new shapes for baskets and for blankets,
New bead work taught them for their belts and sandals,
And pretty ways for them the Indian maidens;
Or stories told them of the old-time Spanish,
And other tales of that famed city northwards,



LANGDON SMITH

Of Monterey—and how the people lived there—
Soft, luxury-loving, as the lotus eaters;
How pearls were found there in its glorious waters,
Enriching thousands living but for pleasure;
Of haciendas, in the hills, and valleys,
And richer lords than any Spanish nobles,
Dressed all in velvet, and with rich sombreros—
And one she thought of, while she yet was speaking.
Told of the jewels worn by dark-eyed women,
Great string's of pearls, each worth a prince's ransom;
Of sudden fortunes made in mines forgotten,
Or by vast herds of horses and of cattle.
How some from Spain had brought their fortunes with them,
Brought, too, their manners, and their Spanish customs,
Till all the coast was but a Spanish province.
Then tales she told of Carmelo the holy,
Her own fair home there in the blessed valley.
Told of Junipero the Christian leader,
Who built the missions for the heathen people;
And thus she won the hearts of all the maidens.

* * * * *

Francisco now was busier than ever,
Preparing all things for the great fiesta;
A hundred neophytes in chorus training,
Young clever souls with castanets and viols.
And dancing, too, that was almost religion;
Were they not Spanish, they, and all the people,
Save yonder natives on the hills and desert,
Was this not Spain, and all its customs Spanish?
Would they not come, the dark-haired Spanish ladies,
From haciendas by the sea or mountains,
From Monterey, too, and the farther border!

So day by day went on the getting ready.
Dolores helped in all the gladsome labor,
A favored one, as niece of him the Padre,

Child of his brother in Carmelo valley.
Her duty was, besides her music lessons,
To be the guardian of the churches' treasures—
The silken stoles, the chasubles all golden,
The altar cloths, with silver all embroidered,
The silver candlesticks from Spain brought over;
To gather roses for the mission altar—
"The lady sacristan," the friars called her.

A pleasant labor, too, was now Francisco's,
With fair Dolores in the work assisting.
Quick thought was hers, so many things devising,
Flags and festoons from arch and column swinging,
And yellow poppies banked on cooling waters.

Strange feelings now Francisco's soul were moving,
Strange but delightful, and beyond expressing.
No thoughts had he of love for any woman,
For he was pledged, some happy day or other,
To be a priest with no thought but of serving.
Yet somehow still grew pleasanter the labor,
Somehow he lingered in Dolores' presence,
Not knowing why, save that it was so pleasant,
Did things twice over that he might be near her,
Still stayed and stayed, nor knew why he was staying.

Perhaps Dolores could herself have guessed it,
Girls are so quick at knowing things so subtle;
Besides, she, too, had feelings, more than tender,
Although Francisco never once had seen it,
So hid were they in other thoughts and fancies—
Of one she saw, his great sombrero waving,
And wondered who if any one would win him,
Not knowing then that she herself had won him.

* * * * *

The day was done, the Angelus was ringing,

Francisco heard, and led the chapel music,
Then all the night lay thinking of Dolores.
And when the dawn another day was bringing
Across the hills, and downward to the valley,
Lighting anew the olive groves, and orchards,
And casting gold upon the waking ocean,
He wandered fieldwards past the Indians' cabins—
Adobe huts with roofs of reeds and grasses,
Looked at the river from the canyons leaping;
Still went and wandered by the cliffs of ocean;
Looked at the ships with mission-cargoes loading,
Saw pelts of oxen by the thousands loaded,
Thrown from the cliffs down to the waiting sailors,
Great tons of wheat and barley brought for shipment,
And casks of oil, and wine, from their own vineyards;
Then turned his steps and went a little hillwards—
Each moment thinking of the fair Dolores,
Of things three days now burning in his bosom—
Of that old hope some day to be a friar;
How now the vow was somehow slipping from him,
As slips the dew in sunshine from the grasses;
And in its place a beauteous face, and figure,
Still roamed in happiness across the meadows—
Saw nothing fair that did not mind him of her,
Thought out sweet names by which sometimes to call her
“The poppy girl,” or “Golden-haired Dolores.”
Wild roses grew beside him on the heather—
They were so fair, he wondered would they please her
Then plucking many, “This will deck her bosom,
This double one will suit her hair so golden,”
Then poppies plucked, the great wild yellow poppies,
And peach tree blossoms clustered with the others,
And many more, not knowing why he did it.
All these he took and found the sweet Dolores,
And almost bashful gave to her the poppies,
The roses, too; she took them, smiling sweetly.

"You knew my fancy for the yellow poppies?"
Demurely said she, glancing softly at him.
"But this one's yours, Francisco—let me fix it,"
And reaching towards him with the pretty blossom,
Her eyes now shining, looking clearly at him,
Her lily hand just touched his cheek a moment;
A sudden thrill went through Francisco's being—
And in that thrill love had its way, as ever;
There was no need of any further telling.

* * * * *

That day the festival had its beginning,
And, when Dolores in the choir was singing,
The golden poppies lay upon her bosom.
The mass once sung, the happy people gathered
Around the mission for the games, and dances,
From every valley and the far rancherias
They came by hundreds bringing gifts, and prizes,
So, too, the Indians from the inland country,
And scattering seed, the sign-word of their friendship.

* * * * *

Now rang the bells, the signal all was ready.
First came the races of the Indian maidens,
Half-naked women, from the neighboring desert,
Against the girls now at the mission living.
Then games of ball the desert girls excelling
By very strength, a hundred plaudits winning.

* * * * *

A little pause, the great event was coming—
Out on the plaza, seawards from the mission,
The bear and bull fight was about commencing.
Gifts had been offered by the mission friars
For some wild beast, the fiercer one, the better.
And many days the mission youths had hunted
In wood and canyon till at last they found him,
A wild grey monster, savage and ferocious.
All unawares they sprang on him with lassoes,

And brought him growling to the safe enclosure.
Around the square the excited people waited,
Priests in their robes, and dark-eyed Spanish women
From far pueblos and old Spanish ranchos.
A hundred youths in festal day apparel,
With jingling spurs, and jewel-mounted saddles
Sat on their steeds, encircling all the plaza,
Receiving smiles and their own smiles returning.
There, too, Antonio most of all was noticed,
On his white stallion, gold and lace appareled,
His broad sombrero with its jeweled ribbon,
His dark eyes glancing when he saw Dolores
There on a bench, Francisco sitting near her,
And golden poppies fastened on her bosom,
Ten times as handsome as she ever had been.
He spurred his stallion, galloped nearer to her,
Waved his sombrero, as he once had waved it
That other morning when she saw him passing
And wondering thought who is the maid to win him—
Not knowing still, that she herself would win him.

A moment more the signal bells were ringing;
The mission portals to the plaza opened,
There was a cheer, and waving fans and banners;
The great black bull was slowly coming forward—
Back in the patio, decked in flowers and ribbons,
He had been waiting for the sign of battle.
Amazed he looked a moment at the people,
Then sudden saw the monster thing before him,
A grizzly pile of hair, and claws, and clutches.
The bear arose and on his hind feet standing,
Reached out his arms as if to do him honor,
Blinked his small eyes, and calmly stood and waited.
His very calmness scared the bull a moment,
Not knowing quite if he should run or battle;
Then shut his eyes, and bent his great neck downward,

And with his horns lunged at the thing before him—
A little missed—the bear was quickly on him,
His mighty arms around his neck were pressing,
His awful teeth deep in his throat imbedded—
With a roar of pain around the ring he started,
Grim as grim death, the bear held on the harder,
Till, by sheer dragging once his hold was broken,
And bruin rolled a little distance from him.
Again the bull with a terrific bellow
Plunged at the beast with his red eyes distended;
Again the bear as in a vise has caught him,
And bear and bull roll in the dust together.
It was not long, for bruin all exhausted
By loss of blood lay still a little moment,
When, with a roar the bull in pain and maddened,
Rushed on his prey, and goring, left him dying.
There was a cheer, a thousand people rising,
And cheers once more, and all the bells were ringing.

* * * * *

Now changed the scene, the horse-race is beginning,
A league of road straight northward from the mission—
There all the crowds again are come together.
One thought alone moves every man or woman,
One idol only worshipped in the province;
Next to religion, were the people's horses.
“Who loves his horse alone can love a woman—”
It was a saying in the Spanish province.
No Arab flying on the wasted desert
Had better steeds, or better knew to ride them—
Men's lives were spent so wholly in the saddle;
Their greatest treasure often was expended
On jewelled trappings for the horse and rider;
And he was rich who rode his jewelled saddle,
Though he were homeless else, and wholly friendless.
And fleet they were, these California horses,
Fleet as the wind on mountain or in desert;

And all one's riches oft were staked upon them.
And so today, one saw great bags of silver
On carts piled up, and at the roadside waiting,
There to be gambled on a favorite racer.
An hour or so, and fortunes most had vanished—
Lost on this horse, or that one, in the racing.
Then came the last the *piece de resistance*—
The horses running without any rider.
Ten splendid steeds stood stripped there for the starting,
White stallions, known as swiftest of the valley;
Antonio's horse was there among the many;
No bridles theirs, nor saddles, nor yet riders—
Just bells, and spurs, to madden them to running.

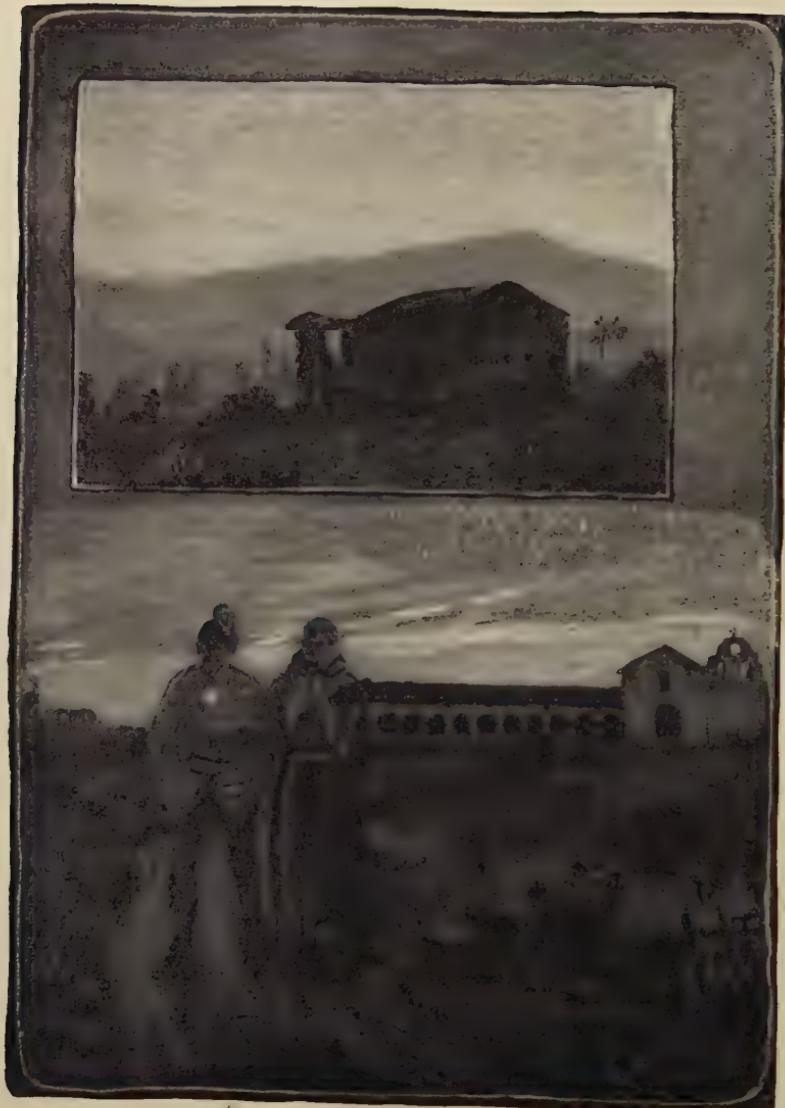
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The signal fires, and wildly they are started,
Not knowing where, save that they must be flying;
Like a tornado they have passed the people,
Who hold their breath too moved for any cheering;
One league, two leagues—and faster fly the horses,
Great clouds of dust the races most obscuring—
One runner now is leading all the others—
Just by one neck, Antonio's horse is winning—
And with a bound the final goal he crosses.
A shot announces that the race is over;
A thousand throats the victor's horse are cheering,
And he is led among the crowds of people.
He walks on roses scattered now before him,
As comes a hero from the battle's thunder.
Dolores, too, has cast a flower before him;
Antonio sees it with a smile of gladness,
Picks up the rose, and kissing throws it to her,
Then leading now, the splendid steed before her,
With a great bow, and all so courteous looking,
Presents the stallion to the fair Dolores.
“Oh, signorita, look, your gladsome beauty
This day eclipses every beauty present,

The horse is yours. You must know it is a custom
Who wins a race must make some gift or other
To her he deems most fair of any women.
Adieu! Adieu!" he waved his great sombrero,
And left Dolores standing there and blushing.
Still on her arm the silver bridle rested,
A little while she stroked the horse's shoulder,
Then saw Antonio passing to the plaza—
And wondered still if any maid would win him.

* * * * *

The day is done, the Angelus is ringing,
An evening prayer, and then the feast and dances.
Francisco's choir, with castanets and viols,
His many singers have already gathered
Where hang the lanterns from the palms and peppers.
The wilder Indians, from the hills and canyons,
Have started homeward, going up the valley,
Save two or three now hiding in the bushes.
Bright is the scene and brighter yet the dances;
Gay cavaliers, and wondrous dark-eyed women,
And brown-robed priests, and olive-colored maidens,
Young neophytes, the children of the mission,
And soldiers, guardsmen of the mission people,
And sailors coming from the ships at anchor.
Some danced the waltz, and some the gay bolero,
Still others in the wild fandango reveled.
And there were smiles and pressing hands and whispers,
And praise of eyes that shone in soft replying.
Dolores, radiant as the scene before her,
Danced till the midnight with her two adorers,
And on her breast the golden poppies carried—
Yet, in her mind, she saw a gay sombrero,
And heard the words "most beauteous of women."
Francisco, often as his music let him—
Beheld her, fairest there of all the dancers;
Beheld the poppies, too, and rested happy.



But 'twas Antonio who danced so often.
And kissed her hand as every dance was finished,
Looked at the poppies resting on her bosom,
Nor guessed, one moment, what could be their meaning.

* * * * *

Once, when the music ceased a little moment,
Dolores went out in the moonlight walking,
A little neophyte her sole companion.
Scarce fifty paces from the dancers going,
They heard low talking, then a footstep nearing—
Three painted Indians from the roses springing,
Quick as an eagle unexpected pounces
Upon his prey, so pounced they on Dolores.
There was a cry, the neophyte came screaming—
“Dolores killed, the Indians have got her.”

Loud rang the bells, “The Indians were uprising,”
So went the cry alarming all the valley.
A little while the child, her senses gaining,
Told how she knew the faces of the villains.
Of her own tribe they were up in the mountains,
There were but three, and lived alone by plunder.
Before the dawn, a hundred were pursuing,
On foot, on horseback, priests and friends and soldiers.
All day they hunted in the woods and canyon,
And not a trace of either man or woman,
With hope most gone the people half distracted
Gave up the hunt, “Dolores has been murdered.”
Francisco bravely kept up hope and sought her.
Footsore and weary through the forest went he,
By paths scarce known to any but the Indians,
Nor found a sign of where she might be hidden.

Antonio, too, on a white stallion sought her,
Dashed to the canyon with its dark recesses,
Flew to the edges of the far-off desert.

Once saw some trace of bandits in the mountains,
Rode faster yet, determined to o'ertake them,
And kill them ere they reached their secret cavern.
It was a plan if anyone should find her,
Dead or alive, the mission bells should tell it.
With heavy heart Francisco still was searching,
Sad and alone deep in the hills and forest,
When all at once the bells rang in the valley.
"Found! Found!" he cried, and hastened toward the mission.
An Indian boy had signaled from the canyon,
That she was found and all went out to meet her.
Francisco, too, and saw Antonio coming
On a white horse, Dolores on before him.
A mad'ning thought a moment overwhelmed him,
Yet thanked he God to know she had been rescued.

* * * * *

Two days, and then the festival renewing,
All sang and danced in fair Dolores' honor;
A little pale she was, yet fairer most than ever.
Antonio told them how he saved Dolores—
With that swift horse, he caught the bandits flying,
And fighting slew them there within the canyon,
Just as they reached their far and secret cavern.

It was most morning now, and yet they reveled,
Or wandering singing down beside the river.
There by its bank Antonio and Dolores
Sat down and talked of this her great adventure.
With thankful gratitude, beyond expressing,
Dolores prayed all blessings should come to him.
Antnoio heard and took her hand and kissed it,
Told of his love, born that first day he saw her.
Would she be his, heaven's blessings would be on him.
"You have been kind," was all Dolores answered,
"While life shall last this day will be remembered."
Then there was silence, and a quick heart-beating—

A burning struggle in Dolores' bosom,
She dared not speak the thing she would have spoken;
And when again, with burning words he urged her,
"Pray, wait a little," was her only answer—
"I will go home to Carmelo tomorrow."
There I will weigh it all, so thought she silent,
And farther gave not any word of answer,
But slowly walked with him back toward the plaza.

The stars were down, the dawn was almost breaking;
The music ceased, and yet Antonio pressed her;
Told of the dangers he had passed to save her;
Told how the king would some day yet restore him
His Spanish rights, his titles and his castle;
Told how some day they two would walk together
Beside a lake within his Spanish garden.
Dolores heard, but gave no certain answer,
Her thoughts confused with all the past day's doings.
Her thoughts of that bright day when first she saw him,
Then suddenly, as seeking some delaying—
"Wait just a little," smiling, when she said it,
"Once on a time, beside this very river,
A little party of us young folks gathered,
And I had suitors pressing for an answer.
And I held daisies, counting them all over,
Each petal gave some pretty little answer,
Yet leaving doubt if either of them loved me.
'He loves me, loves me not,' you've seen them do it.
Well, that was when the fine new church was founded,
The dear old bells, long lost, were now so wanted,
The Padre said no other bells would answer,
These ones were sacred, for the Pope had blessed them.
So all the valley here was put at searching,
For many days, and no soul ever found them,
And there was sorrow here in all the valley.
Then, lovers pressing me, I made a promise;

The daisies first I threw into the river,
Their little play had settled nothing for me.
'Whoever finds the missing bells, and brings them
To yonder tower the day that it is finished,'
I said it laughingly, 'him, will I marry.'
And so you see that I have made a promise;
I am fast bounden till the church is finished,
But if the bells are not then there and ringing,
I am released, and am no longer bounden.
Wait but till then, and you shall have an answer."
Antonio laughed, "If that be all, Dolores,
Then never day will come that you are married.
The bells, men say, were cast into the ocean.
But, true, or no, let us a compact enter;
Give me one word, and, if, by chance, tomorrow,
Or any time before the church is finished,
Some happy soul should find the missing treasure,
That moment I release you from the promise."
So they walked on, still talking, toward the mission.
"Good night," Dolores said, "or rather morning,"
And did not know, or scarcely, she had promised.

* * * * *

They stayed good friends, Francisco and Dolores.
"Fate was unfriendly to me then as ever,"
So said he wandering on the flowering meadows.
"I should have known how far she was above me,
I, a musician only, he, a lordly noble.
I should have kept the vow to some day enter
The holy service of the Lord and Master.
But, somehow, love all resolution conquers.
I was but human—loved her without knowing—
And I am glad I never told her of it.
She never knew for certain that I loved her;
Nor had I any right to think of loving;
Save one dear glance she gave me on that morning
She placed the yellow poppies on my shoulder,

What right had I to think she ever loved me?"
So, many days, Francisco tried to think it—
He "had no right," and so would overcome it—
Yet went on loving spite of pain and promise.

That very day Dolores had departed.
By chance, a ship bound northward, stopped a little;
To Monterey 'twas bound; Carmelo near it,
And so she went scarce knowing she was promised.

* * * * *

Antonio now came to the mission often,
Perhaps the memory of that morning drew him,
When first he saw Dolores in the chapel!
Its patron now, and many gifts he brought it,
And often helping, showed the mission Indians,
New ways of doing, sent skilled people to them.
So hurried, too, the great church they were building.
It had been years, so slow the work proceeded—
The only church of stone in all the province;
And stone by stone the whole was slowly carried
From yonder canyon by the men and women.
A little while the temple would be finished,
A house of God there standing by the mountains,
A house of God that looked forever seawards,
The bells alone they were not yet discovered.
Once more they hunted for them northward, southward,
So zealous all, Antonio most was fearing
They might yet find them, somewhere, always thinking
Of that strange promise made by fair Dolores;
And also thinking what himself had promised,
And so he hurried every day the building.
They were good friends, Antonio and Francisco,
And oftentimes Francisco heard him praising
Dolores' beauty, and her thousand virtues,
Nor let him know how his own heart was beating;
Nor guessed Antonio once a thought of danger.

The time was near, the church was most completed;
Antonio's perfect rapture was approaching,
She would be there—be at the dedication,
Her voice would add to all the festive pleasure;
And then the day, the one day of all others,
Was it not coming with delight and music!

Then came the word no ship would soon be sailing
From Monterey toward Capistrano mission,
Not for a month would any ship sail southwards.
Dismayed, the friars talked with one another,
She must be here, our fairest, greatest singer,
The Padre, too, the head priest of the mission,
Would see his niece at this the great occasion,
And said, "Francisco, you I trust to bring her,
And some companion she may choose beside her."
Then came Antonio, too, and urged Francisco,
"Are we not friends—go you and bring Dolores."
But did not dream they ever had been lovers.
"Ride to Carmelo, on the king's great highway,
Tomorrow take the fleetest of my horses."

* * * . * *

Astounded was he, yet he could not show it—
A thousand thoughts went through Francisco's bosom—
He made excuse—"he was at home much needed;
There were rehearsals of the music waiting."
Said this, said that, Antonio but insisted.
And so he went along the king's great highway,
Along the seaside and beside the mountains,
The sea no more perturbed than were his feelings.
One afternoon, among the roses walking,
Up at Carmelo, where the sea was shining,
Dolores saw him coming in the garden;
And, so surprised, she wondered at his coming,
A little while they wandered through the garden,
Glad of this chance to look upon each other,

Yet neither speaking of the thing the nearest.
For both were bounden, she who'd made her promise—
And he whom trust had sent upon this errand.

Once they climbed up a hillside from the valley,
There saw the ocean glistening bright before them.
Saw aisles of pine and heard their low-toned music,
Saw gentle hills with every blossom glowing,
A babbling river dancing to the ocean.
There lay Carmelo, heaven's own hand had touched it,
And made it beautiful above all others.
Its sun-kissed gardens and its snow-white lilies,
Its clustering roses and its field of poppies,
Made all the air a something so delicious
That every lover loved Carmelo valley.
Great memories, too, around the place were clinging;
There Junipero lived—the good, the holy—
The master hand, the soul of all the missions,
He who had brought salvation to the heathen.
Beneath a slab there in San Carlos mission,
Hid all in roses, he is softly sleeping,
Whose name in tender hearts will burn forever.
Three days in joy the happy lovers lingered,
For they were lovers, spite of bounden duty.
Each loved in silence though he dare not tell it,
Nor break a vow, for both of them were bounden.

* * * * *

“Tomorrow we shall ride,” Francisco said it—
“Down El Camino, there, the beauteous highway.
Down the long way past sea and hill and mission,
To Capistrano. He will there be waiting.”
Dolores smiled a little—then a shadow
Fell on her face and hid what she was feeling.
And so they rode onwards on the highway,
Along the seashore, listening to its music,
She on the great white horse Antonio gave her.



Francisco riding on a coal black stallion,
With gorgeous saddles both, and jeweled bridles;
Had she been queen she had not then been greater.
Antonio's name was known at every mission.
Dolores, too, fair golden-haired Dolores;
Not less Francisco, he the famed musician.
A hundred leagues, not less, the happy journey.
So they rode on, at every mission waiting,
(For all men knew Antonio's bride was coming),
A troop of girls, young neophytes, would meet them,
Pelt them with roses, scatter palms before them,
Sing joyous songs and lead them to the mission;
There feast and toast and castanet and viol,
Brought to a close each day of sweetest travel.
Sometimes they met a barefoot pilgrim friar
Making his way to Carmelo, or farther,
Who made the cross, and blessed them, ever saying,
"May God be with you as you fare together."
Four happy days like bees on roses sipping,
The lovers traveled by the sweet sea's border,
Yet not of love had either one yet spoken,
For each one knew he to a vow was bounden.
But once at noon they passed a field of poppies
All golden glinting, by the seaside growing;
Francisco saw them, leaped from off his stallion
And brought a nosegay to the happy maiden.
"My fancy yet, and you have not forgotten,"
She smiling said, and placed them on her bosom.
Yet was it true, a thought was ever with her
That heavier grew as now the journey ended;
Spite of the joy the golden days had brought her,
The very poppies made it all the harder;
And all the time there riding by Francisco,
She thought in silence of a half-made promise;
Thought of that night there by the little river,
Antonio's pleading—and her half-made promise;

How he had saved her from an unknown terror;
Then saw Francisco riding there beside her,
Felt something tearing every heartstring from her,
Love, and that promise, struggling with each other.
So they rode on—and still no word was spoken.

* * * * *

Francisco, too, now as the day was closing,
Felt as awakened from a pleasant vision—
A moment's joy, and then the dream departing
Left only shadow as the journey ended.
He had lacked courage; up there at Carmelo
He should have spoken—ventured all to have her;
The trust he held, was it not forced upon him?
It was too late; he saw, as in a vision,
A marriage feast, Antonio and Dolores
Walk down an aisle with orange blossoms fragrant.

* * * * *

So they rode on and yet no word was spoken.
A little while, and now the sun was setting,
Drowning itself in the Pacific Ocean,
With such a trail of glory left behind it
As only comes to sunsets in that region.

* * * * *

It was clear moonlight now at Capistrano
When these two lovers stopped before the mission.
Antonio welcomed them, he had been waiting,
And helped Dolores from her silken saddle,
And helping saw the golden yellow poppies,
Few words were said, Antonio, without telling,
Knew from that moment that he had a rival.

Francisco took the horses toward the river,
To give them water where the stream was clearest,
For now it was receded almost wholly
From a great drouth that fell upon the valley.
And while the horses stood there in the water,

Or in the sand where he himself was standing,
Their hoofs struck on some iron thing or other.
With both his hands Francisco delved a little
Down in the sand, when lo! there, deep imbedded,
He found the bells of Capistrano mission!
'Twas like a dream or some sweet thing from heaven.
A thousand joys, all in one joy together;
Now he could speak—was it not her own promise
Who found the bells—her hand should have forever?
And in her eyes had he not sometimes read it—
The hope that he might find the hidden treasure?
That she had loved and never dared to tell it?

* * * * *

Then in the moonlight friars came and labored
With all the mission glad almost to crying—
So thankful were they for the thing that happened.
That very night, through all the little valley,
The news was spread like prairie fires in autumn,
And eager hands in long procession forming,
Now bore the bells in gladness to the mission.
High mass was sung at daybreak of the morning,
"Regina Salve," 'twas Dolores singing.
Antonio heard her, as he did that morning
When first he saw her at the mission chapel—
The day he waved his great sombrero to her.
The service out, the two went to the river;
To that same spot where in the moonlight walking
She once had promised without scarcely knowing.
Antonio spoke, "Bright honor's left, Dolores,
Here is the spot, our trysting place last summer.
The promise, half-enforced, you scarcely granted,
I saw tonight was thankfulness, not passion;
I was love-blind, too strong my great devotion.
We both have vowed, nor shall my vow be broken;
The bells are found, you are no longer bounden.
Take one you love, there, I release you wholly;

Nor you nor I are any longer bounden."
He strode his horse and rode far up the valley.
And no one knew Antonio's heart was broken.
Dolores lingered, saw him disappearing,
With moistened eyes turned slowly toward the mission.
And that great weight was slowly lifted from her.

* * * * *

That day, almost, Francisco and Dolores
Walked o'er the hills and pretty vales together.
Then said Francisco, "Long, so long, I've waited.
May I not speak now, that you are not bounden?
There at Carmelo once I almost ventured,
And then I thought, the trust I had was holy,
Antonio trusted me, I dared not say it;
And when I gave the poppies to you, also,
I was most minded then to tell you frankly.
Again I thought, some other one might love you,
Might find the bells, and you would keep your promise.
Now I speak out; I love you, dear Dolores.
The bells are here and I would hear them ringing
On that dear day when we two shall be wedded."

* * * + * *

And so the bells were kept a little, silent;
Although the church was finished now, and waiting,
Till on a day these lovers twain were married.
Then all at once the bells rang out their music,
And all the valley joined in song and dancing.

Without a change weeks passed there at the mission,
The old routine of labor and religion;
Save that the mission now was growing richer;
Great herds of cattle grazed upon the mountains,
And flocks of sheep that never could be numbered,
And crowds of Indians came and were converted.
Then came that day that made this place a ruin—
When all the coast of the Pacific Ocean

For one short, awful moment, rocked and trembled,
And all the missions shook to their foundation.
But this one most, felt yonder earthquake's coming,
The twilight mass of a December morning
Was being sung there in the finished temple,
When all at once, the church dome reeled a little,
The roof spread open, showed the sky above it,
Then with a crash the whole fell down together.

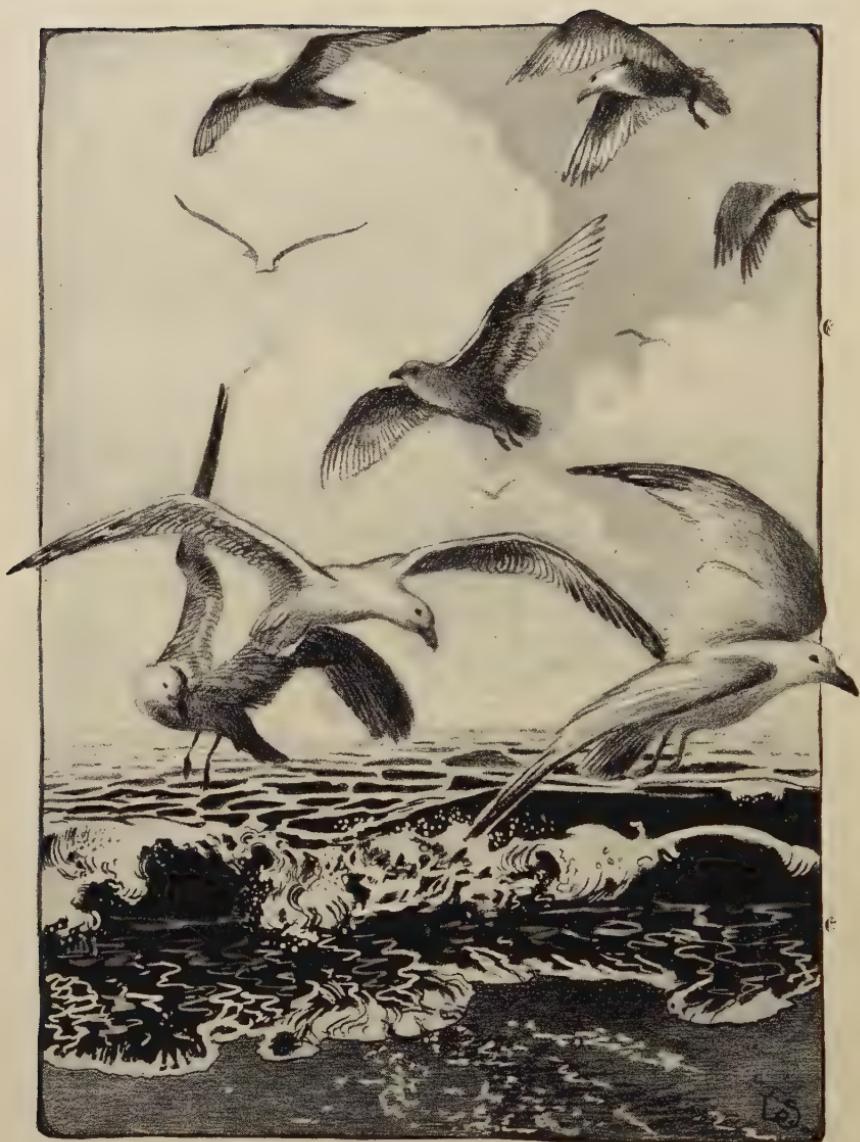
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For many days the buried ones were sought for;
Some said, Antonio, too, was buried with them,
But none were certain, in the dread confusion.
The hunt for lost ones was at last abandoned;
The little graveyard there, behind the mission,
Already full; but on a day when the great mass was singing
For souls of all who had so sadly perished,
A ship came by, its captain had a letter—
Dolores' name was quickly seen upon it;
'Twas from Antonio, written ere the earthquake
Had cast the mission in a sea of sorrow.
“Once sudden news,” so ran it, “took him northwards,
Nor gave him time for any farewell message.
And now he wrote to say he was not angry;
She had done well to marry where her heart was,
And now he *knew* 'twas gratitude, not passion
That made her promise to be bounden to him.”
So went the letter, telling news from Spainwards,
“He had been given back his castles, titles,
So had no use for lands so very distant;
His valley rancho, reaching west, and seaward,
She must accept it as her wedding present;
And so they would be friends forever after.”

THE CITY OF FAIR DREAMS

NOTE:

There was a time when beautiful Monterey by the Sea was the capital of California. The people there, as all along the Pacific Coast, were mostly Spanish—with Spanish customs, dress, and manners. The old Mission houses were still in their glory, and Monterey, then the gem of the Pacific, was a very gay and luxurious little capital. It was not surpassed for beauty anywhere on the Pacific.



The City of Fair Dreams

Oh, many, many years ago this tale
Had its beginning by a charmed sea,
So beautiful it seemed; the bending sail,
And the blue sky, like that of Italy.
There grew the palm and there the lemon tree,
And every flower that's beautiful to see.

Outside the bay the mighty ocean rolled
In liquid mountains, or in glist'ning sea,
And moonlight nights some wondrous story told
To listening forests and to meadowed lea;
And lovers, walking in the moonlight, heard
Their sweethearts' voices when the sea was stirred.

Such was the scene, where the fair city stood,
By poets called "The City of Fair Dreams,"
Between the forest and the shining flood;
And even now, to strangers' eyes there seems
Some lingering glory of that happy day
When all was merry in old Monterey.

'Twas at a time when Spanish friars bore
For many years their long and kindly sway
In grand old Missions stretched along the shore
From San Diego to Francisco Bay.
Then all was Spanish—manners, speech and dress—
Save the wild Indians in the wilderness.

'Twas just as if some island in the past
Had drifted off from its beloved Spain,
And by some wondrous miracle been cast
Along the shores of the Pacific main:
Or was't Arcadia that had been lost,
And by some chance had hitherward been tossed?

Be it as it may, it was a lovely land,
And joyous people lived along the coast;
There dance and music wandered hand in hand.
And, next to these, their horses were their boast,
No Arab tenting in the desert airs
Had steeds so swift, so beautiful as theirs.

He was not poor who had his desert steed,
With silver spangles hung on neck and breast,
Bejeweled saddle, beautiful, indeed
And wondrous spurs outshining all the rest.
It was a sight sometimes to look upon,
These New-world knights and their caparison.

Famed was the land for other things as well,
Famed for fair women, beauteous to behold,
With great black eyes, and olive skins to tell
Castilian blood; and forms of fairest mold.
Of one of these, had I a harp to sing,
I'd tell a tale not all imagining.

For there was one, a child almost in years,
Some sixteen summers only had been hers,
But in that clime of rose-leaf and of tears,
Love wakens early and its passion stirs.
So, Glorietta, soft as any dove,
Just laughed and loved, yet never *thought* of love.

Till on a day when Ivan came to woo,
A fisher's lad, he was, down by the bay,
Who dived for pearls of many a heavenly hue
That in the bottom of the ocean lay;
And here and there a pretty shell he took
To Glorietta with a lover's look.

Though well she prized these pretty courtesies,
There was a gulf that stretched betwixt the two,
A stream unbridged, and bridgeless, most, as seas,
Without a road that any lover knew,
For what was he? A common fisher's son,
And she, the heiress of a Spanish don.

O! she was young, and beautiful of face,
With melting eyes, a joy to look upon,
Big, black and deep, like her Castilian race;
Who looked too long was sure to be undone.
That Ivan learned, although he was so young,
Yet loved the sting with which he had been stung.

Her hair—such hair—in two great braids fell down
Like twisted ropes, black as the ebon night.
Upon her beautiful but girlish gown
Of simple rose, bedecked with lilies white.
Hearts had been cold, or ice, or something worse,
Not to be moved by eyes and hair like hers.

She was akin to the Don Carlos line;
Though orphaned young she might have riches still,
For the Alcalde, now Count Valentine,
Had many lands and herds on every hill.
He was her guardian, and could well endow
Such rose of beauty as he saw her now.

Upon the hill where his gray palace stood
Fair flowers grew of every hue and kind;
The bougainvillea, with its purpling flood,
In drifted banks the walls and porches lined.
But Glorietta, far beyond compare,
Was fairest yet of any flower there.

And when the harvest of the vine was on
In the sweet autumns of that blessed clime,
When summer's heats and summer's suns were gone
And frosts just touched the orange and the lime,
Then manly youths were to the labor pressed,
And Ivan, too, was there among the rest.

So it fell out, as in that long ago,
When Ruth and Boaz in the harvest met,
Love had its way, or Ivan wished it so,
And cast himself in Glorietta's net,
Just at the moment when she brought the wine
Sent to the gard'ners by Count Valentine.

'Twas like a dream, the sudden joy, to him !
Not many grapes he gathered on that day,
Nor on the next, for other things now drew
His one attention in another way,
And oftener now did Glorietta bear
Her jugs of wine out to the gard'ners there.

And once, unconsciously, the jug she held
To Ivan's lips, that he might drink his fill,
As if by accident his face she touched, .
And quick he felt it, the immortal thrill,—
Such thrill as comes but once to any soul,
Or rich or poor, it is love's sweetest toll.

So days went on, the vintage was not done,
And every day young Ivan there would be
To gather grapes in the sweet autumn sun,
Or pick the lemons from the lemon tree;
But most to see his sweetheart, and adore,
And every day she welcomed him the more.

There was an arbor on the palace ground,
Hid all in roses of sweet loveliness,
Where all was silence save the gentle sound
Of little brooklets and the wind's caress.
There Glorieta at the noontide came:
Who wonders now that Ivan did the same!

So in sweet converse flew the blessed noon,
While they sat looking in each other's eyes,
Amazed an hour could pass away so soon,
But time to lovers very quickly flies;
Not much their feast on either bread or wine,
On other things, 'tis said, do lovers dine.

Yes, talk they had, and maybe kisses, some.
For they were glad of life and everything:
Youth must be so—delicious it can come,
And this was now the flower of their spring.
Give love a bower, in vines and roses drest,
And melting eyes, and love will do the rest.

There, in their moments of felicity,
Young Ivan told her of a thousand things;
Of the pearl-divers and the sapphire sea,
And the great fishes that had shining wings;
Of caverns told, and rocks that overhung
The ocean caves where the pearl-fishes clung.

How he himself the dangers underwent
Of diving down, his trusty knife in hand,
To cut them loose from walls and caverns rent,
Then sudden rise and cast them on the sand:
No rainbow hues more glorious could be
Then these, the children of the azure sea.

How he had seen a grotto wonderful
Down in the ocean with the waves above,
Not e'en the shrieking of the sad sea-gull
Was ever heard in this enchanted cove.
Like Desdemona, Glorietta heard,
And breathed a sigh at every other word.

How, fearing not, again and yet again,
He dared the dangers that around him were,
Not in some hope of some poor little gain,
But for a pearl that was most worthy her;
And then he reached to give it, with a kiss—
But hark! a step, and ended all their bliss!

It was the Count, his face in purple rage.
Some evil soul had whispered in his ear,
How every day those lovers did engage
In guilty amours, and he'd find them here.
Few words were said, there was not much to say;
The place, the kiss, were they not plain as day?

He railed a little, Glorietta heard:
"I had no one to guide, and I was young,"
Her eyes were weeping, but no other word;
The Count, he better too had held his tongue!
He was himself not over good, they say,
Among th' elite of lovely Monterey.

Be as it may, he had his Spanish pride;
No kin of his might ever think to wed
With lowly fisher-folk, or be the bride
Of one who labored for his daily bread.
That very day he made his plans to send
Young Glorietta to a distant friend.

He had a cousin, rich and proud and lone,
Who with a sister by the desert dwelt;
What took him there had never quite been known,
If fate or love with him had coldly dealt.
Don Eldorado was the cousin's name,
A bit romantic and once known to fame.

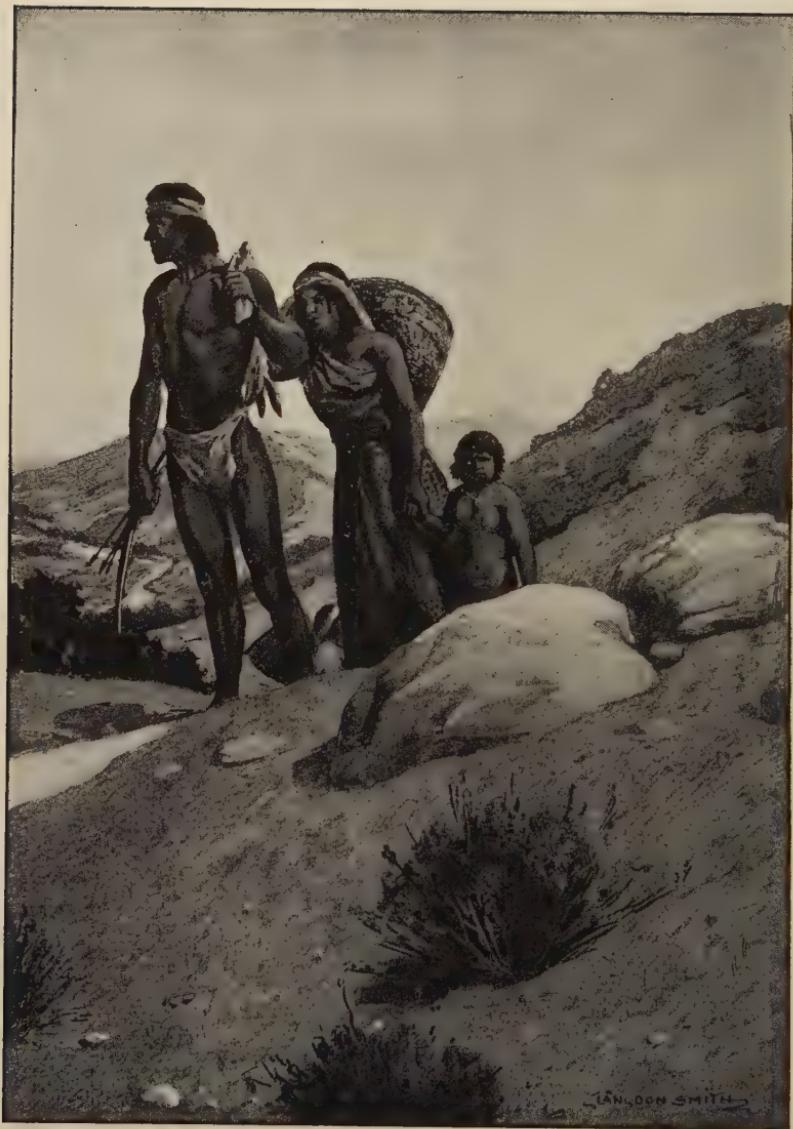
"There Glorietta will be safe awhile,"
Thought the Alcalde, when she reached the place,
And thinking so, a long and happy smile
At times illumined the Alcalde's face.
"Time conquers love, at least so I have read,
And Ivan well may think her lost or dead."

For it was planned that never any word
Should pass between them now forever more.
Just how 'twas done no mortal ever heard,
But things like these were often done before—
Some false arrest, some prison far away,
Or, at the worst, there still would be the *bay*.

A little while, though broke of heart at first,
And Glorietta almost loved the scene—
When on her eyes the great wild desert* burst
Like two vast seas, with mountains in between.
The porphyry hills, the red sea-walls that rise,
Seemed fit for gates to some sweet paradise.

'Twas in the morning, and God's great blue tent
Spread over mountains and the desert land;
A sapphire glory every moment lent
Some lovelier color to the desert sand;
A little while, and then the mountains seem
A mystic phantom, a forgotten dream.

Note—The Mojave and the Colorado deserts are really the same thing. A chain of the Sierra Madre mountains cuts the vast plain in two parts.



Once, on a height, alone, she stood and gazed
On violet mountains and the desert sea.
A sudden sun above the desert blazed,—
“O World!” she cried, “thou wert all joy to me
Were this to last, with never any tear,
And Ivan standing close beside me here.”

Now, Eldorado, though not very young,
Kept in his breast some fires not yet gone out,
Saw Glorietta, and that moment flung
Himself before her, dead in love, no doubt.
Love at first sight, I’ve sometimes heard it said,
Affects the heart, but oftener the head.

Be it as it may, he surely was most kind
To Glorietta, never dreaming how
Her heart with Ivan there was left behind,
Nor saw the shade that often crossed her brow.
One thought was his, and that he could not hide,
The hope that quickly she would be his bride.

Each hour he thought some pleasant thing to do
To please her fancy or to kill the time;
Rode on the hills, looked on the desert view,
Or climbed the canyons glorious and sublime,
Where thundering down some torrent came to bless
The flowering wastes, the desert loveliness.

And lovelier things he thought of, and less grand,
The purple sage-brush that was everywhere,
The yellow poppy of the sun and sand,
Enchanting contrast to her raven hair;
And Manzanita berries, crimson red,
And purple heather from the desert’s bed.

And desert holly of the sanded wild,
Frost-white and fair as ever fair could be,
Sun-born but lone, the desert's loveliest child,
Its curling leaves God's own embroidery.
All these were hers, and others yet the while,
All cheaply purchased by a single smile.

Day in, day out, the old new lover came;
Was it not time to answer yes, or nay?
Like fair Penelope, who did the same,
She prayed, delaying just another day,
And still in hopes she yet might surely know
If Ivan really were alive, or no.

Just then a letter from her guardian came;
A perfect thunderbolt it must have been,
Full of complaining, and of every blame,
What under heaven was it she could mean?
"Could it be so, such cold ingratitude,
Towards one who always was so kind and good?

"Oft he had heard of how his cousin sought
Her hand in marriage, and of her delay:
He was amazed, for was this cousin not
What any girl could like most any day?
Rich, and genteel, and good to look upon,
And then, still more, he was a Spanish don.

"Then, as to Ivan, heaven only knew
What had become of him; perhaps a shark
Had simply swallowed him; such things they do!
There were great dangers down in caverns dark,
And anyway, her passion for him must
Long since have turned to ashes and to dust."

There seemed no choice; that, Glorietta saw,
This unloved marriage was a thing foregone.
Her guardian's wishes, were they not a law?
She was as helpless as a mountain fawn,
And yet she waited still another day,
And never answered either yes or nay.

At last she spoke. It was a *ruse* to find
If Ivan really were alive or dead.
"It seems to me that I could speak my mind
If I were only in my home," she said.
"There in our garden by the crystal bay,
There I could answer either yea or nay."

"Let it be so! Tomorrow," he replied,
Not guessing all her reasons nor the why;
"On my fleet steeds across the hills we'll ride."
He did not notice Glorietta sigh.
He had forgotten, too, about the slip
That sometimes happens 'twixt the cup and lip.

Next day it was a pretty cavalcade
That crossed the mountains westward to the sea.
The Don, his sister, and the beauteous maid,
And some retainers, only two or three.
A hundred miles was nothing then to ride,
At least to win so beautiful a bride!

A little while, and now in Monterey,
The dear old city by the sounding sea,
There was great talk among the young and gay
Of an event that very soon would be.
"The Don was rich," that much the gossips said,
"And Glorietta had come home to wed."

Not in whole years had there been such a stir.

The Alcalde's ward was now a beauty grown,
All eyes were turned for but a glimpse of her

Or the great Don who claimed her for his own.
A little while, and wedding bells would ring,
And guests be bidden to the revelling.

Now there was searching of old wardrobes through

For gowns unique, and rich, of long ago;
Gold satin skirts, and rare mantillas, too,
And high-heeled boots with gold or silver bow;
Queer combs from Spain, and jewels rare and bright,
To wear on Glorietta's wedding night.

It was proclaimed among the ladies all,

To be *au fait* one must be gaily dressed,
And there would be a Spanish carnival,
To make this wedding seem the very best.
The men also, in picturesque array,
Expectant waited for the wedding day.

Young Ivan, meantime, had been lost to view;

No trace of him could Glorietta find,
And now there seemed no other thing to do
Than wed the Don, though much against her mind;
So, though in tears, she gave a half consent,
And all was fixed, just as her guardian meant.

The day has come, the sun will soon be down,

A hundred guests on horseback gaily ride
Up to the palace, quite outside the town,
To greet the bridegroom and to kiss the bride;
As was the custom in the days of yore,
Each rider held his fair one on before.

Down by the sea the glad old mission bells
Ring out a sweet, a half voluptuous chime.
The saintly friar there a moment tells
His beads to heaven in his dear, happy time:
Then turns his steps, he must be there to say
The nuptial vows on this their wedding day.

At her high window Glorietta stood,
And saw the riders in their glad array,
Yet felt that moment that she almost could
Have thrown herself into the shining bay:
All seemed a mockery to her, the scene,
Not less her wedding dress of gold and green.

Out on the lawn a bright pavillion showed,
Hung round with flags, and open at the side,
Already circled by the common crowd,
For all would see the bridegroom and the bride.
Half in the dark one silent figure leant
Against the curtains of th' illumined tent.

A little while, and look! The priest has come,
And bride and groom walk slowly down the line.
In a few words she is bid welcome home,
By the Alcalde, old Count Valentine.
In smiles and tears, she waits the solemn word:
Yet listen, now, a singer's voice is heard.

A pretty custom in the land they had,
That girlhood friends about the bride should be,
To sing some song, some pretty words, nor sad,
To wish her joy and all felicity,
Before the one and final word is said,
Before the priest pronounced her duly wed.

And so to-night the singers come and sing,
And to a lute some verses improvise;
Some happy thought, perhaps some little thing,
Each for herself some pretty couplet tries,
Then hands the lute to her who next her is,
Who smiling sings of future ecstacies.

Meanwhile the bride, who is all listening
To honied phrases she is glad to hear,
Herself prepares some pretty song to sing,
For see, the lute to her is coming near!
That moment look, her eyes are quickly bent
On that lone figure by the curtained tent.

Half in the shadow, halfway in the light,
Two sad dark eyes are looking straight at hers.
Heavens! it is Ivan, come this very night!
A sudden joy her inmost bosom stirs;
She dare not speak, a hundred wait around,
And he were dead if near the palace found.

Quick beat her heart, it was her turn to sing,
A prayer she breathed for guidance. What to do?
Her voice she feared had sudden taken wing,
And Ivan's eyes were piercing through and through.
Oh! would some saint in all Love's calendar
That moment come and pitying smile on her.

She waits a little—then an Indian air
Came to her mind that *he* had often sung.
Not one would know it of the many there,
For it was only of the Indian tongue.
She took the lute and sang a melody
Of love beside the Manzanita tree:

The moon's above the ocean now,
Then hasten love, to me,
And keep the vow you made beside
The Manzanita tree.

The stars across the heavens sweep,
As faithful as can be.
Let us be faithful, too, beside
The Manzanita tree.

The mist is on the mountain top,
The mist is on the lea,
Tonight, tonight, we meet beside
The Manzanita tree.

The Manzanita berry's ripe,
And red as red can be,
O who would not go loving by
The Manzanita tree.

What if another claim my hand,
My heart, my heart's with thee,
So we will meet tonight beside
The Manzanita tree.

Each sigh, each thought, the listening lover heard,
And knows the meaning of the song she sings,
And ere the priest has said the solemn word
A steed all saddled to the gate he brings:
A sign, a gesture, from her lover there,
And they are gone, and no one knoweth where.

And they have mounted on the swiftest horse,
The fleetest steed the Alcade ever owned,
They ford the Carmel in its swiftest course,
The old sea-bay behind them moaned and moaned,
And many a cypress gnarled by storm and wind
There in the moonlight they have left behind.

Into the mountains, all the night they rode,
On narrow ways, along the canyon's side,
Where moon and stars no more the pathway showed,
Till the bright dawn the flying lovers ride
Then change their course, for path there now is none,
And leave the horse and climb the rocks alone.

And still a day, now downward toward the sea,
Some *ignis fatuus* beckons them along;
Though tired of limb and hungry they may be,
They think they hear some soft, sweet siren's song —
It is the sea-wave's voice alone they hear,
Forever sweet to any lover's ear.

And they have reached the hemmed-in ocean's shore,
Cliffs right and left, behind them but despair.
Are they pursued, there is not any more
The smallest hope of further flight than there:
But see! a ship is yonder passing by,
Or is't a phantom of the mist and sky?

Full-sailed it rides, yet scarcely passes on—
“ ‘Tis not a league,” cried Ivan, “from the shore,
Trust to my arms: a thousand times I’ve gone
Down in the deeps and braved the ocean’s roar.
Here it is calm, and yonder ship may prove
A rest from flight, a refuge place for love.”

And they are gone into the mist and wave,
Far out of sight of each pursuing one.
If in the sea they find a lover's grave,
Now who may know, since mist and ship are gone!
Time and the sea, no matter, kind or rude,
Can cover all, pursuers, and pursued.

Still, from yon cliff, where fisher-folk repair,
On moonlight nights the ocean to behold,
'Tis said they see, if but the mist be there,
A ship all shining like the ship of old,
And on the deck a lady walks serene,
Still in her wedding dress, of gold and green.



LA FAVORITA



La Favorita

A Tale of the Spanish Days in California

'Twas in the golden summer-time,
When mocking-birds their carols sung,
And friars heard the`soothing rhyme,
Soft as their own Castilian tongue.

The mission bells of San Jose
In yonder valley sounded near,
And echoing hills all seemed to say,
"Ave Maria, welcome here!"

'Twas in the golden summer-time,
There where the summers longest stay,
A friar pilgrim sought to climb
The mountain road to Monterey.

The purple wings of morning fanned
The golden poppies everywhere,
And by the sea and on the land
The roses scented all the air.

'Twas in that sweet, delicious clime,
Where June goes ling'ring on and on,
Where cold nor storm nor winter-time
May bid the roses to be gone.

So on the king's highway he went
Toward yonder fair horizon's rim;
Above him shone God's azure tent,
And all the world seemed made for him.

It was Vincenzio, knight of God,
Defender of the missions, when
His lifted cross had overawed
The swords of twice a hundred men;

A saintly man, and pure of heart,
Along the shores there was a tale
That once, when pilgrimaging apart,
His eyes had seen the Holy Grail.

Not this alone; his voice, his eye,
Such mystic power possessed, a zeal
For that Christ cross he held on high;
No soul withstood his heart's appeal.

Brown-robed and sandaled, staff in hand,
At times he rested by the sea,
Looked at the sea-waves come to land,
Looked at the sea's infinity.

And thought of that most holy shrine
Whereto his pilgrimage was bent;
"Dear Serra's grave, O Dios mine,
There I would kneel and be content."

A little while his feet have pressed
That heaven-born valley of delight;
Sweet Carmel vale, nor east nor west
Are hills so green or scenes so bright.

There in San Carlos' shrine he knelt,
He crossed him twice and meekly prayed;
When sudden on his cowl he felt
A woman's hand—and sprang dismayed.

No ghost—too fair the being seemed,
 With heavenly eyes and golden hair;
 He knew not if he slept and dreamed,
 Or if it were an angel there.

“Thou know’st not who I am,” she said,
 “But here in dear Carmelo’s shrine
 I, too, would humbly bow my head
 And bid thee hear this tale of mine.

“Outside these doors three cavaliers
 Impatient wait to claim my hand;
 And they are armed with sword or spears,
 And each is lord on sea or land.

“Not much I love, nor heart have I;
 I have a hundred loves withheld;
 And he I choose will surely die;
 That much is writ in Spanish blood.

“For, spite of loves my fairness won,
 Still I was never yet content;
 Like chaff they seemed when all was done;
 Like chaff they came, like chaff they went.

“And all the time my thoughts have run
 On a strange promise that I made,
 And how tomorrow’s setting sun
 Will set upon a heart dismayed.”

* * * *

“I know thee well,” the friar spoke;
 “Thou art that far-famed Isabel,
 La Favorita; she who broke
 More hearts than all my beads could tell.”

In truth she was that Isabel;
No one so beauteous far or near;
Where'er she went she cast a spell
On humble folk or cavalier.

The sky's blue light was in her eyes
Such loveliness of cheeks she had
As in the rose's petals lies;
A face men seeing once were glad.

If Spanish ships sailed down the shore,
The Spanish sailors all would say,
"Oh, let us have one look the more
At Isabel of Monterey."

The brown-robed friars passing by
Would count a bead or two for her,
Say "Ave Maria" with a sigh,
Almost forgetting who they were.

At festival and rout and ball
Her satin slippers skimmed the floor;
One felt he had no heart at all,
Or else he felt it throb the more.

What though it was a land where reigned
A hundred beauties everywhere?
He had been blind, or else had feigned,
Who saw another like to her.

What though it was a land where men
Were rich in pearls from yonder bay,
Where gold lay hid in every glen,
And ladies shone in fine array?

She would be finer than them all
In pearls and gems and rich attire,
That when she entered rout or ball
The dancers stopped but to admire.

She would have jewels such as shone
In fair Loretto's sacred shrine;
"Why should some wooden image own
A hundred pearls outshining mine?"

And so it was one afternoon
Down on the plaza by the sea,
She walked and heard the sea-waves' tune;
The sea-waves kept her company.

When suddenly three lovers came;
They had been suitors many days;
They told her of her beauty's fame,
Her ears heard nothing but their praise.

But they were weary of delay,
And would she not be less unkind
And, whether yes or whether nay,
Now tell them what was in her mind?

She smiled and jestingly replied,
"Tomorrow night's th' Alcade's ball;
There in the dancing I'll decide
Which is the knightliest knight of all.

"I have great love for jeweled rings
And pearls most precious in the land;
Who best of these tomorrow brings,
Tomorrow night shall have my hand."

* * * * *



And this is she, fair Isabel,
Now kneeling at the altar rail;
Each act, each word, she fain would tell;
The friar listened to her tale.

Again she spoke: "Dear Father, look!
My suitors wait outside the door;
No more delaying will they brook,
This day I have, and one day more."

A light illumined the friar's face,
A light as if from heaven sent;
Not once before in all her days
Had look so strange on her been bent.

Sweet were his eyes so soft and brown,
Such eyes as angels might possess,
Or such as Raphael's pictures crown
When looked at in their loveliness.

She heard his voice; and never yet
Had kinder, sweeter tones been heard;
What wonder if her eyes were wet,
Or that her soul was deeply stirred?

A moment, and she seemed to think
Life's curtain parted, as it were,
And she herself upon some brink,
And those deep eyes were pitying her.

The friar, list'ning, seemed to know
The thing that was her heart's desire:
On the great morrow should she go
To sell her soul for gold and hire?

"Thou seekest for guidance? Maiden! go!
Keep thou the promise lightly given;
What words to answer thou shalt know;
There shall be light that hour from heaven.

As in a dream she left the place;
A something spoke within her breast;
She felt the bright eyes on her face,
They told of peace and calm and rest.

* * * * *

The sun was set; the candles shone
In the Alcalde's hall of state,
And torchlights back and forth were blown
Among the roses by the gate.

Within was festival and dance
And sound of flute and castanet;
And dark eyes glowed as if by chance
On darker eyes more glowing yet.

A little while the feast was on,
The tables groaned with fruits and wine,
And through the windows from the lawn
Came breath of rose and eglantine;

And look! Among the guests was one—
A brown-robed priest of quiet mien;
He had come late, this silent one,
And softly joined the happy scene.

And now 'twas whispered round the board:
"This very night we all shall hear
Which of the knights with star and sword
La Favorita holds most dear."

Soon, too, amid the toasts and wine,
The lovers entered in the hall;
The *first* one's gifts were lands and kine,
‘Twere wearisome to name them all.

The *second* spoke: “Great pearls have I,
Like those Loretto's self doth wear;
Sweet counterfeits—I'd have them lie
Upon my sweetheart's golden hair.”

Proud rose the *third*: “No copies mine,
No counterfeits by fairy elves;
Last night I came from yonder shrine,
I bring Loretto's pearls *themselves*.”

A thrill of horror ran around,
As to the door a guardsman came,
With burning words and voice profound
He called the guilty lover's name.

“Five nights ago the sacristan
At far Loretto's church was slain;
Hast thou the pearls? Thou art the man;
Upon thy soul the guilt is lain!”

Dumb and in rage the lover stood,
The shackles clanked upon his feet;
The guests all crossed themselves, for blood
Seemed on the bread, the wine, the meat.

And look! Now rises at the board
Yon silent friar, cross in hand;
His tender eyes, his tenderer word,
At once the assembled guests command.

Kindly he speaks: "Fair Isabel,
Thou seest now how vain is pride;
There's but *one pearl* that does excel,
There is no other pearl beside."

"Well didst thou pledge thy life to give
For the one pearl the highest priced;
More high than all—behold and live!
I bring thee here the tears of Christ!"

As comes sometimes without a thought
Some mem'ry of forgotten things,
As if the mind a moment caught
A glimpse of the old happenings—

So, suddenly, to Isabel
Came thoughts again of yonder shrine,
Again she felt the holy spell,
The eyes, the voice, almost divine.

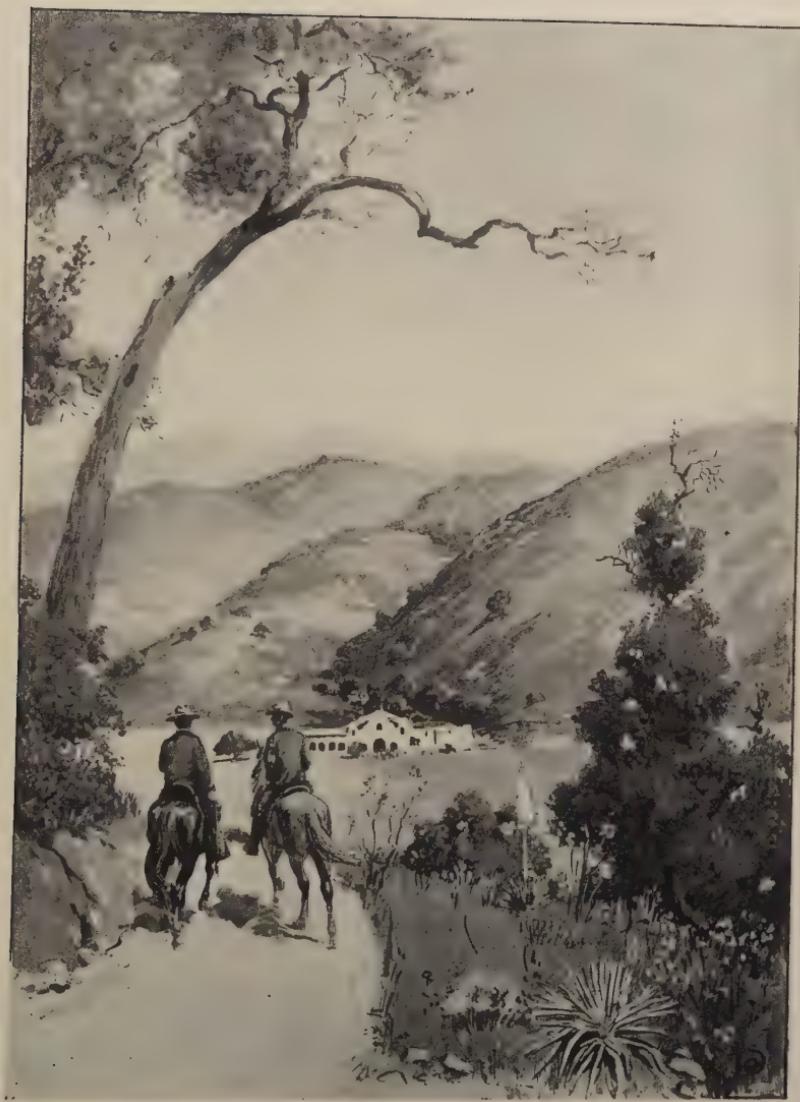
And they are calling her again,
The shrine, the cross, of yesterday;
With tears, as falls the summer rain,
"Here are my pearls," they heard her say.

"I will do penance for my pride;
There is a convent by the shore,
There many days will I abide
In doing service for the poor."

And yonder where the sea-waves moan
By yonder convent, on the hill,
Fair Isabel is fondly known;
She is La Favorita still.

And often on the king's highway
A friar pilgrim waves his hand;
He waves it twice, as if to say—
"Your pearl is noblest in the land."

A MADONNA OF THE RANCH



A Madonna of the Ranch

Where Sierra Madre's mountains look in gladness on the
sea,

And the scented air floats upward from the lime and orange
tree,

Where the whole land seems a garden, all abloom with fruit
and flowers,

And the sky that bends above it is a lovelier sky than ours,

Stretching there along the ocean for a hundred leagues or so,
Are the grand old mission ruins of the strange and long ago.
Here and there a pilgrim passing, thinking of the days
agone,

When these half-forgotten ruins were as splendid as the
dawn—

Breathes a sigh half exclamation that a people should forget
Such a heritage of glory, ere its sun be wholly set!

Never make a seeming struggle, ere the struggle be too late,
For the saving of the temples that have glorified the state.

In the name of Junipero, him who laid the stepping-stone
For a grandeur and a glory that you proudly call your own—
Let a cry go to the mountains, and from mountains back
to sea,

That these ruins be re-buildeed for a future yet to be.

Be re-buildeed in the beauty of each arch and belfry low
Pedro Benedetto painted in the strange and long ago.

In my mind again I see him, in the long sweet summer days,
Cowled and hooded at the mission, now in painting, now
in praise.

Never yet had Grecian statue half so beautiful a face,
Never Phidias had chiseled such a form of strength and
grace

As the outlines, half-discovered, in the thin old robe he wore,
Painting pictures of the padres standing in the mission door.

Little wonder that the missions by the coast-line up and down
Saw and praised the new Adonis, in the old Franciscan gown.
Not so much as priest they praised him; 'twas the gift he
had to paint,

And they thought him somewhat worldly, and not born to
be a saint.

In the old ranchero mansions he was welcomed everywhere,
And the black-eyed señoritas saw no padre to compare.
At the old Presidio dances he was there among the gay—
When the guardsmen rode at races, he could ride as fast
as they.

There was something in his manner that was very hard to
guess;

Like a secret one discloses, yet keeps hidden none the less.
Very mortal one had called him—not to praise nor yet
condemn—

Not too holy to be human, good as many priests were then.

Love it seemed he never thought of, save for beauty as it
lay

In the color on the canvas that he painted day by day.
All the life about the missions, brown-robed padres kneeling
there—

And the neophyte processions as they went to early prayer.

These, and brown-faced Indian maidens in the sunshine on
the sand,

Weaving blankets, making baskets, pounding out their corn
by hand.

All he painted, and the missions, not in ruins falling low,
But in noble mission grandeur of the days of long ago;

Sketched great herds of grazing cattle, vast in numbers
everywhere,
With the young vacqueros guarding from the mountain
lion's snare.
Painted saints, and boy-like angels, on the mission walls
within,
And the brown-robed padres walking ere the vespers would
begin.

Painted threshers with the oxen tramping out the harvest
grain,
As they did in days of Boaz, they were doing now again.
As they did in gray old Egypt, in a time most out of mind,
So they tossed the new grain upwards to be winnowed by
the wind.

Painted sunsets full of glory, such as only there are seen,
Like the crimson gates of heaven when the ocean is serene.
Sketched the guardsmen of the mission, at the old Presidio,
And the Indians of the desert where the holly-bushes grow.

Painted black-eyed señoritas from the ranches far and near,
And the fleet and wondrous horses of the new-world cavalier;
Silver-spurred and gay rancheros hast'ing to the coming race.
To the bull-fight, and the bear-fight, at the old-time fight-
ing place.

All, he painted, when the labors of the mission would allow,
Yesterday some Indian maiden, some young caballero now.
Yet he found not in the faces on the canvas that he drew,
Any soul behind the picture, any eyes that looked him
through.

"I would paint the virgin mother on this canvas white of
mine,
Just a pure sweet country maiden like the girls in Palestine."

Long he sought for it, the one face that in very truth
could be

All his waking mind could fancy, all his dreaming eyes
could see.

Long he waited, dreamed and waited, till the sunset of a day
When the vesper bells were ringing in a sweet half-saddened
way—

Came a footstep, almost noiseless, to the open mission door,
Came a fair and girlish figure bearing gifts for yonder poor.

In her hands were golden poppies, in her face a beauty lay
Like the roses and the lilies that she gathered by the way.
Thrice she came, the lovely Inez, when the vesper bells
would ring,

Came the same soft footstep answering to the old bells
caroling.

Thrice she came, and quick departed, leaving little gifts of
love,

While the vesper bells kept ringing in the old bell tower
above.

Just a glimpse, and Benedetto in that fleeting moment felt
She was here, the one he dreamed of, here were eyes that
seemed to melt.

Here were eyes of gladsome splendor, here were checks of
such a hue—

Not a blush-rose in the garden ever lovelier color knew.
Just a tint of brave brown olive in a face beyond compare—
Just a harmony of color with the midnight of her hair.

“He must go,”—the padres said it, “he must find from
whence she came,

He, the youngest, he must thank her, in the oldest padre’s
name.”

Not for long he sought to find her; not for long does beauty
 hide—

Being conscious it is beauty, knowing how 'tis glorified.

Where the great ranch of her father's stretched for twenty
 miles and more,

Where the old adobe mansion looked straight downward
 to the shore,

Where in half-way Spanish splendor lived the rich old
 ranchero,

Like an old Castilian noble of the long, longtime ago,—

There where swept the purple blossoms from the bougain-
 villea vine,

Where the lemon on the terrace cast an odor half divine,

There he found her, with her pigeons, by the gray old ter-
 race wall,

Talking with them as companions, with a name for each
 and all.

Once that greetings kind were over, through the garden
 aisles they go,

Talking of the grand old missions, looking on the sea below.

Talking of the olive orchards, of the herds of sheep and
 kine,

Of the golden yellow poppies, and the purple-laden vine,

Of "El Camino Real," stretching yonder by the sea,

Where the brown-robed padres pilgrimed with their thoughts
 for company,

Where the cavaliers rode gaily to some evening serenade,
While some senorita waited at the half-closed window shade.

Heard their silver-mounted bridles as they jingled light and
 gay,

Saw the all-beribboned gallants as they galloped on the way.

Yonder, too, beheld the ranchos of her father's kith and kin,
Owners of the boundless acres where the Indians once had
been.

Once they gazed to where the purple of the far-off islands
were,

Though they talked of isles and ocean, yet his thoughts were
all of her.

"Might he paint her? 'Twere a treasure for the missions
beyond bound,

He would paint her on the terrace, with her pigeons all
around.

He would paint her with the poppies, gold and yellow, on
her breast,

And her hair all loose and tangled by the soft winds of the
west."

Deep she blushed, all seeming happy, as she answered, soft
and low,

"If my simple face be worthy, then I answer, be it so."

So he painted on the terrace, where the orange blossoms fell,
Never yet in all his painting had he painted half so well.
Every grace of face and figure, every charm her being knew,
In a soft idyllic beauty on the happy canvas grew.

Day by day he came and painted at the dear accustomed
place,

Finding ever some new beauty in the gladness of her face.
Feeling ever some new feeling, something stranger to his
heart,

Something not of paint and brushes, something not akin
to art.

In her face the rapturous colors, like enchantment rose and
fell,

In her eyes there seemed a secret that her lips might never tell.

Once he touched the golden yellow of the poppies that she wore,
And a thrill went through his being that he never felt before.

Was it love? He dared not think it—he a priest of solemn vow,

He would thrust it from his bosom, he would put it from him now.

Yet he painted on, forgetting all the danger that could lie
In the crimson of her blushes, in the starlight of her eye.

To herself it seemed as dreaming, as she watched the painter's hand,

Saw herself as if transfigured by some wondrous magic wand.
Once she heard the far-off music of the low wind in the firs,
Never dreaming while she listened that his soul passed into hers—

Till a day, when all was finished, and the painter was alone
Gazing on the perfect picture, that was sweet love's very own—

She beheld him kneel and kiss it, from her vine-clad hiding place,
As Pygmalion kissed the marble of his Galatea's face—

So he kissed the perfect likeness, on the eyes, and lips, and hair,

Never knowing, she, he painted, stood behind him smiling there.

Till the soft leaves, all a-rustle, like the footsteps of an elf,
Made him half forget the picture when he saw her very self.

Deep confused, she spake and said it: "Now I know you
love me well,
Long I, too, have kept a secret; you have broken here the
spell,
Am I she for whom you're longing? Dare you, then, to
love me so?
Dare you break the cords that bind you? Would you
rather let me go?"

"Hear me, lovely Inez, listen: I was born in old Seville,
I a priest at one and twenty, I a priest against my will.
Orphaned as a child, a guardian taught me all the church's
rules,
I should be a priest or nothing, and consented, fool of fools.

"I whose gifts had made me famous in the salons of the
great,
Never then had been a football, in the fickle hands of Fate.
I was fettered down to routine, all was narrow that I knew;
In your face was heaven's gladness; I was born again in you.

"Is it sin, then, if, recanting, I undo the cord that held—
Kept me where my life belonged not, where for long I had
rebelled?
I am loved; what is there greater? Gift that heaven to
mortals gave,
Strong are vows, but love is stronger; love can reach beyond
the grave.

"Who shall care what comes tomorrow, if but love itself
remain,
Binding into one forever souls that yesterday were twain!
Would I rather that you leave me? Heaven itself can
answer No;
While your eyes are shining on me, every joy is here below.

“Stood the gates of heaven open, bidding me to enter there,
Where all things are as enchanted, perfumes gladdening all
the air—

Leaving thee behind, I would not, though the lights forever
shone,

Though the angels were about me, yet I still would be alone.

“Let us go; the world’s advancing, thought has broadened
everywhere;

Heaven is reached by good deeds only, not alone by psalms
and prayer.

In the new world that we’ll live in, love itself shall master be,
And I still will be a painter, finding fame for thee and me.”

* * * — *

In the records of the missions, Pedro’s name no more
appears—

It is gone; the padres lost it in the going of the years.

But in Seville there are pictures of the missions known to
fame,

On the lower right-hand corner still is Benedetto’s name.

And among them one is fairer, greater far than all the rest;
It is Inez of the missions, with the poppies on her breast.

And the stranger passing sees it, and he stops to gaze awhile,
Looking at the perfect beauty that upon him seems to smile,
And a something seems to tell him from the days that long
are flown,

“He who painted this sweet picture, painted it for love
alone.”

THE FEAST OF THE PINON TREE



LEONARD SMITH

The Feast of the Pinon Tree

(Note:—The Pinon tree (pronounced "Peenyon") is of the nut pine variety in the Sierra Mountains. John Muir, the naturalist, describes it as about forty feet high, with wide extending branches. The tree produces a prodigious quantity of nuts, and the total crop has been at times estimated to equal half the wheat crop of California. These nuts are often the principal food of the Mono, Carson, and other tribes of mountain Indians. The cones are opened by roasting in the fire. Festivals and dances are held around the tree at the gathering-time every autumn. It is a wonderfully unique spectacle. The tree is held almost sacred by the Indians, and many a white man has been killed for cutting it down.)

We were all in the ship's forecastle,
With never a thing to do,
For the decks were washed and the sails all set,
And the ship like a sea-bird flew.

We were close to the world's equator,
With strange thoughts in our mind
Of the strange new stars above us,
And the dear stars left behind.

It was now farewell to Venus,
To the Great Bear, and the rest,
To Orion's belt, and the North Star,
And the Dog Star in the west.

And away in the dim horizon,
Strange stars in the heavens blazed,
'Twas the Southern Cross there shining,
And we stood on the deck and gazed.

And a new star-world was around us,
From the midnight till the dawn—
And the red sun rose at morning,
And the wind with the night was gone.

When like to an infant's cradle,
The blue sea rose and fell,
And we heard the black whale's breathing
Like the sob of a sea's low swell.

And we saw on the quiet waters
The smooth low billows toss,
A great white bird there sleeping;
'Twas the white-winged Albatross.

And never on land or ocean
Was there seen a lovelier thing
Than the beautiful bird there sleeping
With its head beneath its wing.

And we sailors looked and wondered,
And thought of the isles of spice,
And the bird with its white wings folded,
Like the angels of Paradise.

And we wondered if it were dreaming
Out there on the sea alone
Of another bird, still fairer,
Somewhere in a Southern zone.

For spite of our wild sea-roving,
And spite of our sailors' air,
There was that that touched us somehow
In the lone bird sleeping there.

Then we talked of the lands out yonder
By the far Pacific's shore—
Of the homes we had left behind us,
And the stars we might see no more.

And so in the ship's forecastle,
With never a thing to do,
Each shipmate told some story
Of the land we were going to.

Of the strange old Spanish missions,
Of the friars robed in brown,
And the old bells with their music
When the sun was going down.

And the youngest shipmate told us
A tale that he once had heard,
For it all came back to his memory
On seeing the great white bird.

So we gave him the seat of honor,
And waited a little spell,
As we sat on our chests and listened
For the story he had to tell.

* * * * *

"It was twenty years, in the April—
And I was a lad in Spain,
When I shipped on a Spanish clipper
For the far Pacific main.

Perhaps it was gain we sought for,
Wherever the trade might be,
And we steered straight west and southwards,
For a new Spain by the sea.

For the land of the rose and palm tree—
The orange blooms and the lime—
Where the mocking-birds were singing
The whole sweet summer time.

So we voyaged west and southwards;
And ever on deck was one,
A dark-eyed youth of twenty,
And browned by a Spanish sun.

'Twas little he talked with the ship's crew,
But often he seemed to be
Alone with the skipper talking—
And we guessed at some mystery.

He was dressed like a village huntsman,
In garb of the plainest green,
Nor a simpler garb, nor a plainer,
No sailor had ever seen.

And a wonderful silver bugle,
As polished and bright as day,
Swung gaily down from the ribbon
That over his shoulder lay.

And on the bugle a picture,
A bird, with its wings across,
Like the bird we had seen on the ocean,
The beautiful albatross.

'Twas a gypsy's gift, the bugle,
With the albatross design,
"And it bears a charm," she told him,
"For a wonderful love of thine."

Philippe, the skipper called him,
And that was all we knew—
But we sailors loved to listen
Whenever his bugle blew.

So around Cape Horn we wrestled
With many a wind unkind;
'Twas a sad, tempestuous ocean,
But at last it was left behind.

Then a calm set in on the ocean,
Yet a dear wind tried to blow
From the nearby California
Where the lime and the orange grow.

And we almost saw the palm trees,
So near we were to the land,
While an odorous air came to us
Like the odors of Samercand.

And ever at times Philippo,
When the ship was going free,
Blew soft notes on his bugle
To the glad and listening sea.

Till back from the sunset islands
The echoing answers came,
While the wind went down on the ocean,
And the sun went down in a flame.

And again the breezes quickened,
And quicker the dear ship flew,
While we thought of the strange one with us,
And the land we were going to.

There was still a bit of the twilight,
And we heard the stranger say—
“It is there I would be landed,
By the cove, and the little bay.”

So the ship lay to for a little,
And the gig-boat went ashore,
And we left him there on the sea-sand,
Nor asked would we see him more.

Nor not so strange we thought it
A thing like that to do—
For many a man thus wandered
From the old Spain to the new.

There alone on the sand we left him,
With never a comrade nigh,
With only the darkness around him,
And a great red moon in the sky.

But not till the ship sailed homewards
Did ever we sailors find
The strange things that had happened
To him we had left behind.

* * *

Through a little valley upwards,
Away from the sea he went,
But the high hills hid the red moon
And the little light that it lent.

It was midnight in the mountains
And a fog was over the sea,
And the coyote's bark in the darkness
Was his only company.

And at last, worn out and weary,
To the side of a tree he crept,
And in spite of the wild things 'round him
Till the dawn of the day he slept.

Till the dawn of the day; but listen!
The leaves at his side were stirred,
And his heart almost went from him
When the voice of a man was heard.

For just a moment he listened,
Then opened his eyes apace,
And behold! a brown-robed friar
Stood looking him in the face!

“What—lost?” ’twas the friar speaking,
And reaching a tender hand—
“May the heavens greet you, brother,
Whatever may be your land.

“Let me share with you the little
That’s left of this bread of mine,
And drink of the cooling water,
And taste of this grateful wine.

“It is sure that no bed of roses
Was yours in the night that’s by,
With the fog down there on the ocean,
And the stars gone out of the sky.

“And the noise of the preparation!
You surely have heard it all,
For half of the night they were gathering
To a wonderful festival.”

“To a festival! holy father,—
And what is the thing you say?
Is some strange magic around me?
Do I walk in my sleep by day?”

"What, you never heard it, brother?"

Amazed, the friar said—

"How the wild folk come here autumns,
To gather their winter bread.

"And that there by the sloping hillside,

In the sight of the shining sea—

They dance, they laugh and they call it

The feast of the Pinon tree.

"At noon by the bells of the mission,

A league, not more, from here,

And the strange wild feast commences,

You can almost hear them cheer.

" 'Tis a wild yet timid people,

And fond of the song and dance;

We may cross the pine grove yonder

And see them all by chance."

So they went from the darkening forest

A little towards the sea,

To a gentle slope where they saw a smoke

By a great gray pinon tree.

And around the tree in the dances

The unclad people swung

To a music weird and wondrous,

To the songs that the maiden sung.

And the nimblest youths among them,

Most like young bears they were,

Climbed far on the old tree's branches

To gather the brown cones there.

'Twas the rarest cone for the fairest,
Far sweeter than all the rest,
Each tore from its branch and tossed it
To the maid that he loved the best.

With a spring and a bound she caught it,
And smiled on her heart's desire,
And the big brown cone was roasted
Till it burst its fruit in the fire.

Till it burst in a luscious plenty—
The food that is prized of all—
And the maid with the richest pine-cone
Is the queen of the festival.

So with games and the dance and the music,
In sight of the shining sea,
There was love of the wild-man's loving
At the feast of the pinon tree.

And the ranchers came on horseback,
To look at the strange wild show,
From the brown hills by the mountains,
And the green vales down below.

On their swift wild horses riding
For a twenty miles and more,
With silver bells on their bridles,
And their sweethearts on before.

'Twas the days of the old ranchero,
Spanish, and rich, and grand,
With his herds on a hundred hillsides,
On his thousands of acres of land.



So they came and sat in a circle,
On horseback looking on;
There were youths and black-eyed maidens,
There were eyes as brown as the fawn.

On a little knoll that was nearest,
Philippo wondering stayed,
As he gazed on the whirling dances,
And the games that the wild ones played.

Till a girl on a snow-white charger
Rode by in her loveliness—
With hair as black as the midnight,
All down on her snow-white dress.

And he saw her, and loved that instant,
Who never had loved till then,—
Felt that first fire in his bosom
That never can flame again.

If she only would look now towards him,
Would turn and but look his way—
She would read in his eyes the passion,
And the things that his lips would say.

And the soul of his soul said to him—
There is never a spot so green
That is worth that I ever tread on,
Save the spot where her feet have been.

Nor a bliss, nor a joy, nor a gladness,
Nor a thing that a heart could stir,
Unless the joy, and the gladness,
Are all to be shared by her.

So he longed for a look that was nearer,
But never she turned her face,
Though she looked at the dancers dancing
In the beautiful greenwood place.

And he thought, I will blow my bugle—
She'll hear it and look around;
So he blew just a little love-tune,
And she startled to hear the sound.

'Twas a Spanish air of the old time,
To pay for a little glance,
And she turned her face for a moment
And smiled, as it were, by chance.

"We will go," said the friar, kindly,
"The feast and the dance are done,
And the mission bells are ringing
For a good night to the sun."

And again they walked in the forest—
The friar, and he, alone,
But his thoughts went ever backwards
To the eyes he would call his own.

Nor the strange things all about him
Had interest for him then,
Not the Indian maids at their weaving,
Nor the half-tamed Indian men.

Nor the mission there in the distance,
With its walls white as the snow,
And the long, low-arched cloisters
Where the friars loved to go.

Nor the vast flocks on the hill-sides,
With the shepherds watching there,
Nor the neophyte processions
On their way to the chapel prayer.

Nor the soft sweet tones of music
Of the chapel choristers,
Nor the Indians at the altar rail,
For his thoughts they all were hers.

For a while in the cloistered mission
He was a stranger guest,
But the thought of the passing vision
Forever was in his breast.

And he looked at his silver bugle,
"No more will I ask my bread—
At the kind old friar's table—
I'll earn it with this instead.

"At the guardhouse of the mission,
My bugle I there shall blow,
And I'll sound the call for the soldiers
At the old Presidio."

In a little while, and the friars
Such notes from a bugle heard,
It seemed like voices chanting,
Or the songs of the mocking-bird.

For the liquid notes of the bugle
Such wonderful music made,
It seemed the soul of the music
Was the soul of the one that played.

Yet a something would often sadden
The smile that the bugler wore,
When he thought of the day in the forest,
And the face he might see no more.

And he does not know while waiting
That far on the green hillsides
On a wild and snow-white charger
A beautiful maiden rides.

On the great ranch of her father,
That stretched like a king's domain,
Past the vast herds on the hillsides,
Past the great flocks on the plain.

And she sometimes thinks of a lover,
That some day is to be,
Who will come like a prince and take her
To a beautiful home by the sea.

But she oftener thinks of another
Whose eyes once on her turned
Till a thrill went through her bosom,
And the blush on her cheek had burned.

* * *

“Corinne”—(‘twas her father speaking),
“In a month, and the day is near,
When the good ship will be sailing,
And the prince will soon be here.

“I have thought all day of the promise
To the best friend that I had—
(His only child was a boy then—
But the prettiest little lad),

“That whenever the time had ripened,—
And it is this very spring,—
You two should be sworn sweethearts,
And be married by book and ring.”

* * *

Still again she rides on the hillsides,
Where the grass with dew is wet,
And she thinks again of the dark eyes,
And she hears that bugle yet.

* * *

At the old Presidio yonder,
The days go slow and long,
But the bugler sounds his bugle,
And the hills give back the song.

And he yearns for eyes that he sees not,
One look at a radiant face,
And he sometimes goes to the forest
As it were to a trysting place.

But the cold gray ashes only
Remain of the fires that were,
Though the hot fire in his bosom
Will burn forever for her.

Still, still in the summer evenings,
His bugle notes are heard;
They hear them out on the ranches,
And the rancher’s heart is stirred.

And they ride from the shining foothills
To the old Presidio,
Just to look at the Spanish soldiers
And to hear the bugle blow.

For 'twas nothing then to gallop
A twenty miles and more,
Just to dance in the wild bolero
On some distant ranchman's floor.

Or to see the brown-robed friars
When the vesper bells would ring,
Or to hear the low sweet voices
When the choristers would sing.

For the lives they led were joyous,
A horse that almost flew,—
And the open glade, and one fair maid,
Were the greatest joys they knew.

So it happened once, when blowing
The evening's bugle call,
While the passers-by all listened
To the echoes rise and fall,

That Philippo saw below him
A girl all loveliness—
With her hair like the midnight, flowing
And loose on her snow-white dress.

It was she, it was she the longed-for,—
For a moment he was dumb
In the sight of the lovely vision
That again to his eyes had come.

Again, with his lips on the bugle
In a wonderful melody—
He plays the strain that he played there
On that day at the pinon tree.

And she hears, and a white hand waving
Has answered the bugle tone—
For the soul of the player playing—
That day passed into her own.

So now, and these two are lovers,
And never a day is done
But they think how a bugle's music
Has melted their hearts in one.

And away to the fields they've wandered,
These two, where the blue bells grow,
And she loves to hear the bugle
At the old Presidio.

* * *

But the prince, and his ship—where are they?
The morrow they're in the bay,
And the friars, dressed in friars' robes,
Will watch for them, and pray.

While away on the hills the ranchmen
Will saddle their steeds and come,
And the neophytes at the mission
Will march to the beating drum.

But look! it's the ship already!
With colors all aglow
And Philippo's there with his bugle
From the old Presidio.

In a moment more and the ship's boat
Has come close to the land—
And the skipper he sees Philippo,
Has kissed him on the hand.

And he calls him "prince," and smiling
 He gladly would have him tell
Of that dark night at the seashore,
 Of his love—had it prospered well?

And the people hear in gladness
 The things that the skipper has said,
While the prince with the silver bugle
 To the mission door is led.

'Twas a merry time that midnight,
 In the mission festal place,
When the bugler boy sat gazing
 In joy at his lady's face.

When he told her between the wine cups
 How he'd left his dear Cadiz,
To see for himself a fair one,
 That was destined to be his.

How, disguised as a bugler only,
 He had wandered into the land,
How a kind priest found him sleeping
 With his bugle in his hand.

How the day, almost, that he landed,
 To the pinon tree he came,
And the sight of a lovely vision
 Had set his soul aflame.

How the errand that brought him hither,
 And the face he had come to see,
Were all forgot that morning
 At the feast of the pinon tree.

How a wonderful fate was with him,
And a new joy to him came,
For lo! the face he had sought for
And her own face was the same.

And he touched his glass to the fair one,
And he saw in her eyes the glance,
The same soft look and tender,
That he saw that day at the dance.

* * *

In a castle at lovely Cadiz,
O'erhung with roses and moss,
There's a beautiful silver bugle
With the wings of an albatross.

And a lady in dreams there hears it,
As plain as plain can be—
In the same love-tune that won her,
That day by the pinon tree.

AT SAN DIEGO



LACONIA

At San Diego

I hear the bells, the mission bells
Of San Diego town;
Across the bay the echo swells,
And over the hills so brown,
And into the valleys and canyons deep,
When the sun is going down.

I think I hear the friars still,
The saintly priests of Spain,
Come down the valley and round the hill,
From the mission walls again;
And I hear them chant as they used to chant,
To the mission bells' refrain.

I see the palm tree's stately head
Beside the mission wall,
The bending stream by mountains fed,
The canyon deep, the waterfall,
And hill, and palm, and valley fair,
And God's own mountains watching all.

And San Miguel lifts high his dome
Far oyer rock and tree,
The wild deer and the eagle's home,
The mountains at his knee,
While Loma bathes his rocky breast
Deep in the western sea.

I see the ships, the Spanish ships,
Ride in the western bay,
Where safe at last from wind and gale
The pride of sea kings lay.
And the friars see them, and think of home,
As they cross themselves and pray.

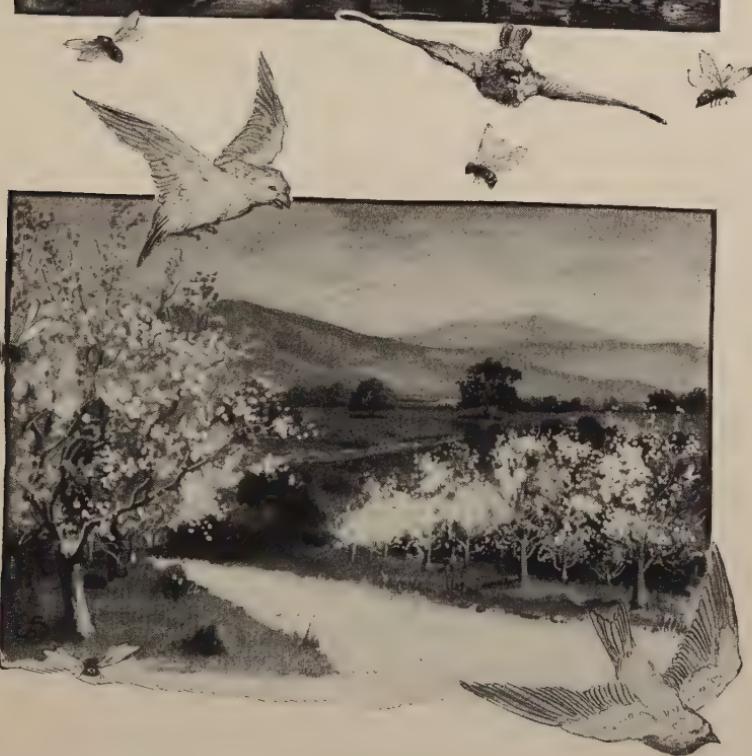
And far along the valley's sweep
I hear the vesper chime,
And out of canyon's dark and deep
Comes back the mystic rhyme;
And not a soul but prayeth there,
For it is holy time.

Gone are the halls where long ago
There dwelt that brotherhood,
And bare brown walls and arches low
Mark where the mission stood,
And the moping owl makes there his home,
Where he feedeth his hungry brood.

Miguel still lifts his lofty head
Above the mountains gray,
And Loma Point still makes his bed
Far in the western bay;
But the times have changed, and the days are dead,
And the friars—where are they?

Changed, changed is all save yonder sea,
And yonder mountains brown,
The breakers' deep-toned symphony
When the tide is going down,
And the voices of the mission bells
Of San Diego town.

THE ROSE OF MONTEREY



The Rose of Monterey

It was in a golden summer,
Such as nowhere else is seen,
And the sea was all in sapphire,
And the hills ashore were green,
When our little ship came sailing
Round Point Pinos on the bay,
And we saw the low white houses
And the streets of Monterey.

In a little while the vessel,
Like a swan had gone to rest,
Seemed asleep inside the harbor,
With the blue sea at its breast.
And the sailors all went shorewards,
For they each had longed to know
Of a rose tree they had read of
In the legends long ago.

Of a golden rose they'd heard of,
And a love that was supreme,
Of a dark-eyed senorita,
Fair as any poet's dream.
Oh, in all the coast land nowhere
Was there one so fair to see
As sweet Ellenore the beauteous
Of the rose of Ophir tree.

(Editor's Note:—Among the sights shown visitors at Monterey is a wonderful rose of Ophir tree said to have been planted as a love-pledge by General Sherman, then a lieutenant at the Presidio, and a beautiful Spanish girl in 1849.)

'Twas a story all pathetic
As was any tale of old,
And the legend here is written
As the sailors heard it told;
As they tell it still to strangers—
When sojourning in the town,—
As the old-time gossips tell it,
So it here is written down.

They were joyous days they tell of
By yon wondrous sunlit strand,
In the Spanish days they tell of,
In the half enchanted land.
Music, dancing; dancing, music,
Tambourine, and castanet,
Rout and ball, and racing horses;
Every soul on joyance set.

It was all enchanting beauty
Where the little city lay,
With its arms in half a circle
'Round the heavenly little bay;
And the low adobe houses,
Wreathed in roses white and red,
Seemed as ships out in the desert,
With the blue skies overhead.

All their valleys thrilled with color,
And the mountain paths were red
With the manzanita berries,
And the strange vines overhead.
It was color, color, color,
Only color everywhere,
From the far-off purple mountains
To the sapphire-colored air.

Once it was the town lay sleeping
In its rose-embowered bed,
Till one morn they heard strange bugles
And a stranger's marching tread—
Heard the music of strange bugles
Up and down the pretty street—
Heard the wild notes all re-echoed
That the stranger drummers beat.

From the old Presidio yonder,
Looking westward from the hill,
Fly the Spanish flags no longer,
And the Spanish drums are still;
For one day like white birds sailing
Came strange ships across the bay,
And they raised a stranger's banner
On the forts of Monterey.

There they kept them, ever flying
From the high hill looking down,
But the soldiers all commingled
With the people of the town.
Went to balls, and routs, and parties,
Not as friends, nor yet as foes,
Shared the wild day's joy of hunting,
Shared the dances at its close.

Once amid the soldiers guarding
In the old Presidio,
Stood a youth, all tall and slender,
And with eyes like fire aglow;
It was Adrian, Gun-Lieutenant
At the old Presidio,
And there was no other like him,
From the highest to the low.

Soft of speech as any woman,
 He the youngest of them all,
Yet no trooper there could throw him
 Wrestling at the carnival.
Naught he loves save hounds and horses,
 Lonesome woods and chasing deer,
Yet not Robin Hood with ladies
 Ever was so cavalier.

On a time as May drew nearer,
 May, the month of heart's desire,
Rode the youth to hills and forest,
 Past the chaparral and briar,
Past the red woods tall and lonely,
 Past the liveoaks darkling green,
Till he saw an old-time ruin
 That for years had roofless been.

It was Carmel, lovely Carmel,
 Serra's home in days gone by—
Now the gray owl made its nest there,
 On its walls the lizards lie.
Roofless now and fall'n asunder,
 Yonder tower alone can tell
How the old-time friars listened
 To the calls of yonder bell.

Still, at times they say it rings there,
 Moonlight nights the most of all;
When a child has died they say it
 Rings from yonder ruined wall.
And the land folks think that angels
 Passing ring the mission bell,
And they cross themselves and whisper
 When they feel the midnight spell.

There below the Carmel river,
Hurrying downward to the bay,
Through its woods the soldier wanders,
Knowing scarce the lonesome way,
Till at once he hears strange voices
Just beyond him in the glen—
Laughing tones of happy women,
Laughing shouts of merry men.

Drawing nearer, lo! a valley,
Long and level, stretches on,
Hemmed with ivied oak and holly;
There upon its grassy lawn
Sees he men and maids and horses,
For the morning sport will be
Seeing what horse runs the swiftest
To yon distant live-oak tree.

Not for gain the sport, this morning—
Just this flower wreath for him
Who shall hang his hat first yonder
On the liveoak's nearest limb;
Then a fair hand holds the wreath up
In a gay and laughing mood,
And a pair of black eyes pierced him
Like an arrow, where he stood.

It is Ellenore, the fair one,
That his eyes have quickly seen;
In one moment she has snared him
Like a wild bird on the green;
Never any arrow swifter,
Never any Cupid's dart
Found its way straight to a bosom
Than her eyes to Adrian's heart.

Scarcely now he could look from her,
 Seems so fair she is, and all,
Seems himself enchain'd that moment,
 Seems his very soul in thrall.
Once she touched his hand with her hand.
 All so white and fair and slim,
And the thrill that comes but one time
 In that moment came to him.

Scarce he saw the flying horses,
 Scarcely heard the signal—"start,"
For still faster than the hoof-beats
 Were the quick beats of his heart.
Now all soon the sport is ended,
 Soon the wreath of flowers is won,
And in merry groups or single
 They are parting every one.

Soon in merry mood they're riding
 On the road to Monterey,
And 'tis Adrian who rides by her,
 And they're laughing all the way;
But another rides behind them,
 With a cloud-like look and frown—
'Tis the son of the Alcade,
 Now the ruler of the town.

Once a suitor, and rejected,
 Like a cloud he follows now—
Seeing that she loves another
 He has vowed a solemn vow.
Some day, somewhere, she shall know it,
 He will pay her cold disdain—
Some time, though it be far distant,
 She shall think of all again.

So they rode on through the forest,
 To the jingling of their bells,
To the bells upon their bridles
 Making music in the dells,
Till it seemed a new Diana,
 She the goddess of the chase,
With her merry ones around her
 Were enchanting all the place.

Never once was love-word spoken;
 But in Adrian's burning eyes
There was that that told when near her
 He was close to Paradise.
Yet she gave no sign nor token—
 Lest a secret should be known—
Save her dark eyes' tender glances
 Told his feelings were her own.

So they rode on to the city,
 So they rode on to the bay,
And they often walked together
 At the closing of the day.
But the strange flag floating yonder
 Was forever on her mind;
Though her eyes were ever tender,
 And her words were ever kind.

Many days passed, and the longing
 For a promise ever grew,
For the joy of love's returning
 Was a joy he never knew.
Though they walked alone together
 In the moonlight by the bay,
Yet in vain he waited, listened,
 For the words she did not say.

“You must speak, dear Ellenore,
Waiting’s long and hard to bear.”
But she pointed to the strange flag
That was floating over there.
“That alone is love’s undoing.
Could you leave it all for me?
Put our old flag where it once was,
Proudly looking on the sea?”

“Love is strong,” he answered, “stronger
Most than anything; but know
’Twere not so if with dishonor
Love should ever think to go.”
For a little while she waited,
And again their eyes have met,
And she loved him for that saying
More than she had loved him yet.

For she knew who loved bright honor
To her also would be true;
And they pledged there in the moonlight
To each other to be true.
Many days were theirs together,
Wand’ring up and down the wold,
And she learned to love the new flag
As she once had loved the old.

Wand’ring in the sunny weather,
Wand’ring in the forest green,
With the blue bells and the heather,
Every morning they were seen.
Every joy seemed theirs in sharing—
As they laughed along the way,
Till a cloud came on their spirits
That had always been so gay.

Till a cloud on their horizon
Bid the lovers they must part;
There were "orders" now, up yonder,
And tomorrow he must start.
There were oceans to divide them,
There were years to come and go,
Ere again they'd walk together
With the blue sea down below.

They must part, but firm the promise
Made that afternoon with tears;
Love should bind their hearts together
Through the coming of the years;
And beside the shining waters
Of the little sun-lit bay,
They would plant a rose as promise
Of a happy wedding day.

Plant a rose of gold of Ophir;
When it blossomed it should be
Pledge that he was thinking of her,
Though he were beyond the sea.
Every year that it should blossom
It should be a sign to say
He was thinking only of her
There beside the happy bay.

Then the ship sailed down the harbor,
As they waved a long farewell;
Long she gazed upon the waters
As the white waves rose and fell,
Till the long low distance buried
Ship and sail from out her sight,
Till the sun sank in the ocean
And the stars shone in the night.

And the rose tree grew and blossomed,
 Blossomed fair for many a day;
There was not another like it
 In the town beside the bay.
Yet it brought no sign or message
 From the one beyond the sea—
“You are fooled,” the people told her,
 “Sitting by your Ophir tree.”

Little harked she to their saying,
 Listened but to that within.
“He will come—has he not promised?
 See the roses now begin.”
And in sooth the rose tree flourished,
 Spread as never rose before,
Cast its fragrance ever dearer,
 Covered gate and cottage door.

Still no message—years were passing,
 Still her faith was as before;
Ever, ever, letters sending,
 Still no answer at her door.
Now at last she waited, only;
 Still the rose its fragrance sent;
Oh, the days they moved so slowly,
 And the ships they came and went.

He, too, there beyond the ocean,
 Never tidings has of her,
Never word of his is answered,
 And he thought of days that were;
Thought of that time in the forest,
 Of the ride down to the bay,
Saw that churl again that followed
 Cloud-like, frowning all the way.

“She is false, like other women;
 Had it not been so from old?”
 And he thought of that dark shadow
 That pursued them in the wold.
 “He it is, her old-time lover,
 Welcomed back in place of me.”
 Yet he could not cease to love her
 Yonder by the rosebush tree.

Hopeless now he sought adventure,
 Flung him to the battle’s strife;
 She was lost, what was there left him,
 What to him were death or life?
 Bravest of the brave, behold him—
 Leading where his comrades fall,
 Look, his sword unsheathed, is foremost,
 He is leader of them all.

* * *

Years have passed and all is changing;
 He’s a nation’s idol now,
 See, he passes there in triumph,
 Wreaths of glory on his brow.
 Once he rides through town and city,
 Crosses mountains, hills and plain,
 And almost before he knows it
 Rides in Monterey again.

They will show him all the city,
 The Presidio by the bay,
 Where as but a young lieutenanat
 He had been for many a day;
 Show him Carmel, still a ruin,
 Where the friars used to be,
 And they tell him of a rosebush
 That is wonderful to see.

Half-forgetting, still he'd see it,
And he wandered there alone—
Saw a rose tree in the blooming,
Heard a once familiar tone;
It was Ellenore, the fair one,
Holding roses in her hand,
With a tender smile she gives them
To the greatest in the land.

Tells him they were from the rose tree
That they planted long ago,
Tells the sad tale of her waiting
Since the morning long ago;
Of the strange, mysterious secret—
Why their letters came nor went;
How from that false churl she knows it—
He had watched when they were sent.

It was he, that one rejected;
Dark revenge had led him on;
Came or went a ship with letters,
Quick he stole them every one—
In the old Alcade's office,
There the evil thing was done!
Thus at death he had confessed it,
Feeling his revenge was won.

All was clear, the strange long silence;
Now again the vow is said,
For the mystery is broken,
And their love was never dead,
So again the fates untangle
All the threads of years agone,
And again they walk together
When the moonlight's coming on.

Still the ships go to the harbor,
And the sailors go on shore,
And they see the wondrous rose-tree
Blooming as it bloomed before.
And they hear again the legend,
Strolling yonder by the bay,
Of the handsome young lieutenant
And the Rose of Monterey.



